

FUSS IN A BOOK-CLUB,

AS RELATED BY A COPY OF MISS MARTINEAU'S "EASTERN LIFE," ETC. ETC.

Can I ever forget the bright summer evening which saw me released from the last con-summating bookbinder's squeeze? Can I ever forget the satisfaction it was to feel my nice purple coat, my gold-lettered back, enveloped in stout cartridge-paper, and to find myself travelling swiftly per rail to a Surrey rectory, far from that horrible workshop, redolent of the complicated odors of stale paste, fresh glue, and the exudation of warm, young mechanics, to whom baths and wash-houses were as yet but *châteaux en Espagne*?

From the moment that my originator, Mother, Venus genitrix, Cybele, Magna Mater, —what shall I style her?—first called me from nothingness, to that when, fairly launched at Knighton Rectory, I felt the satisfaction of being a completed thing, my days have been passed in unvarying disquietudes. Oh ye volumes! who are called into existence by fine ladies in easy chairs, with enamel pen-holders and Dresden inkstands, can ye ever imagine the dread reverse of being brought into this world under the alternating inflictions of burning suns and raging toothache, vermin-stocked Nile boats and jolting camels, foot-sores and rough-dried *chemises*, tiresome company and getting up fine linen, romping harem girls and bullying sheiks? I shudder at the retrospect. And then the copying, the revising, the amplifying at home, was almost as painful. The haste, the excitement, the counting, not the cost, but the gain; the consulting learned books, the cribbing from the obscure, honestly quoting from the well-known! Then the bargaining with Moxon; then those horrid proof-sheets, with one's best tropes marred by full stops for commas, e's for e's, and all those eccentricities which compositors indulge in, who study between whiles the People's Charter! Ah, kittens! ah, puppies! ye who come plump into life in baskets lined with straw, and your *restaurants* close at hand, little do ye dream of the anguish of thus getting, bit by bit, into existence. On arriving at the rectory, I found, by the assemblage of newly-born and well-dressed brethren, and some passing words of those who looked us over—that I formed a component part of the Knighton Book-Club; the secretary of which affixing a list of names and dates to the first fly-leaf of us all, sent us on our travels. My destination was to the snuggest parsonage in Christendom; and I found myself lodged on a crimson-covered

round table in the tidiest of drawing rooms, among the prettiest of girls. My entrance caused excitement.

"No pictures!" exclaimed one pair of rosy lips; and I felt as guilty as a man might, if detected in wanting a shirt.

"Oh, too learned!" lisped another. "How could you bespeak anything so dull, Annie?"

I would have given the world to have opened at that part where I treat of jumps up a pyramid.

"It's just what I like," said the eldest, taking me from the other's hand. "Papa told me I might choose a book this time, and I am sure I have done well;" and, armed with a paper-cutter, she forthwith began carbonadoing among my hot-press. It is charming to rest on the knees of a beautiful girl, who, reclining on a low chair, with ringlets drooping over one, reads, with no sour criticism ruffling the softness of the mild blue eye, determined to be pleased. The desire of knowledge was in that fair girl, and she imbibed my words as greedily as my pages had the printing-ink. I question whether I made so indelible an impression; but I was read, *cela me suffit*. A few days after my arrival, and when I was precisely in the position above described, "Mr. Murray" was announced. He was down in my list as the "Hon. and Rev. John Murray." I learned afterwards that he was curate of Knighton, the rector-secretary having given him a title of orders; his good looks and frank manners, with the expectation of the best living in the archdeaconry of Surrey, giving him a title to everything else.

"So you have got Miss Martineau!" he said, taking me from the table. "Do you like it?"

"Extremely," said Annie Arden. "I am quite proud of my bespeak."

"And we all quarrel with her on the subject," said a rosy girl, hard at work in a corner. "We all wanted *Sadness and Gladness*."

With the clairvoyance, I suppose, inherited from my Magna Mater's dabbling in mesmerism, I saw Mr. Murray's heart beat with affection for the young girl so sedulously stitching at the binding of one of her little sister's old shoes, while Annie's literary fervor failed to move him. Yet he replied not to the sempstress, except with that look which she at once sought and avoided, while he said to Annie,—

"I am not surprised at your liking the book."

I read it last week at my father's. It is full of interest. Indeed, it seems to me so diffusive, it might have formed two books; and I should have liked it better if all that Socinian trash had been extracted, to form a tit-bit for such as delight in the monstrous crudities of the dim-sighted infidel."

Annie looked surprised, and rather sheepish. She read hard words, but did not always understand them; and could not quite guess the cause of the vehemence of Mr. Murray's last words. How much I hated that young man from that minute, and I felt my purple binding crack with rage at his remarks!

"Do you think Miss Martineau an infidel?" Annie at length asked, timidly.

"Do I think!" he said, rudely enough, snatching up my first volume, and turning over my pages rapidly. "What do you think of talking of Moses and Plato as you would of Smith of Baliol and Grant of Merton, and making comparisons between them? The very divinely-associated Being, from whom, whatever Miss Martineau may think, she alone gains her very limited notions of a Supreme Being, is held in juxtaposition with one, whose wisdom, great as it was, never raised one poor soul from off this sin-cursed earth."

The shoe dropped from Emma's industrious fingers, and Annie looked very frightened as she said, anxiously,—

"Is the book wicked?"

"Decidedly!" he said, pushing it from him; and, to change the subject and get nearer Emma, asked her to sing. How I should have liked to have been thrown at that young man's head, in all the weight of my boards and extra duodecimo! I was not again looked at while in Ayling Vicarage. By general consent the sisters agreed not to tell their father, who was their only parent, that Annie had chosen a *wicked book*; and he, poor man, was at that time too much occupied to guess either at the existence or cause of the secret.

The time at length arrived for me to be forwarded to Mr. Newera, the surgeon of Knighton. My spirits rose as I was borne through the surgeon's hall. Every thing showed much taste, with a smack of the Egyptian, which flattered my prevailing feelings. No great-coats, or umbrellas, or elogs, vexed the sight. A few terra-cotta vases, with myrtles and roses, stood beneath each column; and though these vases, and all the porphyry, marble, and bronzes of the hall, had sprung from the brush of Mr. Putti, the plumber of Knighton, I had learned from my mother's reverence for Egyptian paintings too much respect for infant art to find fault with the counterfeit. I was not taken to the drawing-room—the unities were better

understood at Mr. Newera's; and I was lodged in the library, owing some clever oak to the genius Putti, with relics from every quarter of the globe,—from a bust of Faustina to the necklace of an Esquimaux. There was also a finely bleached skeleton in a case lined with velvet, and which the displacement of a curtain by the wind made visible. The sight made every leaf of me vibrate; and I fully shared my mother's respect for the good taste of the post-creation kings of Egypt, who never allowed such horrid things to transpire.—[*Query*—Did they know anything of the unpleasant-looking framework on which mankind are built? I never saw the inkling of a joint in any Egyptian design.]—I was welcomed with gladness by Mrs. Newera. She read my title-page; she looked at the list the secretary had inserted; eulogized Mr. Arden as a charming, liberal old parson, and forthwith commenced my perusal. I never could be read in better style; she scarcely left me; she copied bits of me; she wrote letters full of me; she illustrated me; and had just finished a fancy sketch of one of the picturesque halting places my mother had described, with camels and Arabs, even to the sheik's javelin stuck in the ground, when Mr. Murray was announced. It seemed to me, to use book-language, that he had turned over a new leaf; for he praised the well-done drawing and the truth of the costumes, expressing admiration also of the graphic pen with which my mother had described them.

"I never dreamt of hearing you praise this work," Mrs. Newera said; adding, archly, "I felt rather inclined to smuggle it into my work-table as you entered."

"I do not praise it," Mr. Murray said, in the old dogmatic tone I so much objected to. "I think it well written, but at the same time, as mischievous and detestable a work as could have crept into a book-club,—with this additional odium attached to it, that it has crept in under false colors. Who looks for all this jargon of English Deists and German Rationalists in a book purporting to relate Eastern Travels?"

"I think you are unjust as far as regards false colors," Mrs. Newera said, quietly. "Miss Martineau's name might give any one an idea of what they are to find."

"No, no," Mr. Murray replied. "People in the country are not so generally informed on all matters as your clever self. If Miss Martineau had added 'Unitarian' to her name in the title-page, I would grant it the sort of negative virtue which I might to the notice 'Dangerous,' placed by a road surveyer on a rickety bridge. People could avoid the book

and the bridge. But I still require more. As Miss Martineau dares to attack the great points of the faith of the country she lives in, she should have given her book the title which would have announced the impious and offensive contents."

"In spite of all you say," Mrs. Newera replied, while a little pink ear beneath her curls showed some embarrassment at thus bearding her *directeur*, "I must confess that I gladly study a work which, like this, leads one to think and to seek the truth." Mr. Murray cracked all his knuckles as he repeated with a scornful emphasis,—"Truth!" He then added quickly, "What truth do you mean? Chemical, botanical, physiological, astronomical, or geological truth? Surely Miss Martineau leads to none of these! And if it is religious truth you mean, still worse. There is but one Book which teaches it with anything like authority, and in that sure word of testimony we are to seek it, and not from those who, professing a qualified regard for revelation, abjure vulgar Orthodoxy for the novelties of German Neology, or that old-fashioned heresy, Socinianism."

"I think, however, that you must admit that there are difficulties in the doctrines of Christianity to which a zealous inquirer into truth does well to direct our attention."

Mrs. Newera said this with a little appearance of anger at this young man's pertinacity.

"Not in the spirit in which Miss Martineau conducts the business," he replied, sharply. "Her prejudices start up every moment, making one apply to her case what Carlyle said of Voltaire,—'He ardently warred against Christianity, without understanding, beyond the mere superficialities, what Christianity was.'"

"But you do confess that there are difficulties?" Mrs. Newera inquired.

"None to those who are accustomed to inquire only what revelation has actually taught, and who then submit their reason to that revelation, without presuming to speculate on the causes, fitness, or inscrutable mysteries connected with the discoveries made to man by that revelation. The doctrines of Christianity, as well as those of the Mosaic dispensation, are only difficult to the minds of those who, assenting to the evidences of revelation as sufficient to warrant its reception, suppose themselves invested with the power of rejecting the conclusions thus supported by evidence, if their reason cannot comprehend them, or if they are opposed to their preconceived notions of what might, probably, be expected from a divine revelation."

"You are tremendously professional," Mrs. Newera remarked, feigning a yawn. "But,

Mr. Murray, if, amidst what you call the evidences of revelation, an acute mind perceives where history and what may be termed myth blend, surely it were slavish or bigoted to desist from reasoning on a point which so strikes one's perceptions?"

"Where men may reason men may err, Mrs. Newera; and what has Miss Martineau, to do with myths? All her notions of them are gleaned from others, and I could give you a list of all the books from which she culls her pet poisons, crowning it with her last studied work, the *Hebrew Monarchy*, more dangerous than her own, because attempting more. No, if Miss Martineau must work at myths, let her attempt to detach fable from truth in the history of Mother Hubbard's dog. But I have made you angry," Mr. Murray added, rising; "and it makes me angry to think of an old woman sitting down in the full blaze of day, and, because she holds an umbrella between herself and the sun, wishing to persuade herself and others that the sun has nothing to do with the light which she enjoys."

How glad I was that this impertinence was put a stop to by the entrance of visitors! and how glad I was to find that the next name in my *carte de voyage* was that of a county magistrate, residing, at least, seven miles from Knighton, and so beyond the reach of this crusading curate. Squire Fortescue, his lady, two daughters, and a son, all turned me over as I lay on the drawing-room table, though novels and periodicals seemed to them "metal more attractive." Still, they certainly set up for literary people, and occasionally discussed my merits,—in that vague way, however, that it was I only who knew how little of my contents had arrived at their knowledge. They had the same power of fixing on salient parts of the narrative, that a Highlander has of springing to the jutting rocks in a mountain stream. They knew of my mother's walks in the desert of fourteen miles a-day, which they affected to disbelieve. They knew who the Russian countess was, who had evinced almost as much enthusiasm in a Christian temple as my mother had shown in a heathen one. They knew of the greatness thrust on "Mr. E." by the exacting sheik, which they persisted in considering an episode, inserted as a set-off to the task she had imposed on him of reading the unpublished journal,—a sugar-plum with a pill, in fact. How tired I got of these people! And, strange to say, they paid a shilling fine for detaining me beyond the time I was allotted to pass with them. At length I was released, and got into another cozy vicarage. How congenial to my feelings was the first fortnight I spent there! I was read without

comment, but with intense attention; while Herodotus, Hengstenberg, Gliddon, Heeren, Cory's *Chronology*, and other learned works, were constantly referred to. I heard no opinion passed upon me, until, one evening, the vicar, entering from a ramble, addressed his wife, who was holding my last volume in her hand, with the question,—

"Why do you look so serious, Mary?"

"I have just finished Miss Martineau's book," she replied; "and I was half wishing, half praying, that a strong, crushing refutation of all these errors, may appear in the next *Review*. Am I wrong?"

I pricked up my ears for the answer,—dog's-ears, be it known, which the Fortescues had left on my pages; however, the answer was not very pleasant.

"Your enmity is quite justified. This is decidedly a most mischievous book."

Mischievous! How I abhor an epithet so universally applied to unruly pot-boys, high-mettled monkeys, and Chartist speeches!

"It is no small calamity for a living man to be robbed of a living faith," Mr. Denyer continued; "and Miss Martineau has attempted the robbery in a wanton and covert manner. She has thrown the glove, however, and I, too, hope that a champion may be found in Christendom to pick it up. If Miss Martineau had shown half the sympathy for the Christian which she has for the Egyptian idolator, the Jewish deist, the Mahomedan votary, one might have marvelled at the extent of her blindness, to whom light is no light; but blindness is all one should have brought against her. But there is a decided spirit of antagonism towards Christianity, under the specious guise of a well-told tale of personal adventure, which calls for some demonstration in return. There is, also, much inconsistency in her book; for while, by her words, she virtually accuses of imposture the Divine Being she so affectingly, and therefore irreverently calls 'the Teacher,' she still shows a qualified devotion. And though she seems to look on the Almighty's dealings with His people through Moses and his Antitype as a salutary cheat, of which she and some others are cognizant,—thus instituting herself a sort of juggler's confederate,—still she appears to own a heart equal to the worship of the Omnipotence, whose powers she so vainly tries to circumscribe."

"Poor Miss Martineau!" Mrs. Denyer said, sorrowfully. "She certainly has some better aspirations, shown, I think, by her interest in Jerusalem, which, even in by-gone years, has made her familiar with its locality."

"I differ with you there," Mr. Denyer replied. "Do you recollect reading of a book

written on Shakspeare's play of the *Tempest*, where all the erudition of the author was employed to discover and fix the locality of Prospero's island? I think the genius of Shakspeare was about as well appreciated by this person as—I speak it reverently—the divinity of our Saviour by Miss Martineau."

"You are as severe as I wished the reviewer to be," Mrs. Denyer said, smiling.

"I have greater cause for spleen," he answered.

"Here is a book, incontestably of an evil tendency, by some strange mischance going the round of a book-club, chiefly composed of clergymen, for the amusement of whose families these books are principally circulated. And though I feel that Mr. Arden can hardly be aware of the dangerous character of the book he has thus sent round to shed its poison, still, as a stranger, I experience a delicacy in hinting it to him. However, the book goes to-morrow to Yeldon Castle; before it gets again into young hands, I will try and see Mr. Murray. He is intimate with the Ardens, and may devise some plan."

I was sent to Yeldon Castle, and there found one of my brothers, sent down by Churton. I had no opportunity of inquiring into the nature of his treatment. The countess opened my title-page, and then gave orders for me to be forwarded to General Gascoigne. She said something to the earl about "straining at gnats and swallowing camels;" and that half the credulity which fostered a belief in mesmerism might establish a tolerably warm disciple of Johanna Southcote; but as I was not obliged to take such general reflections as addressed to my respected mother, I gave no heed to them.

General Gascoigne commenced reading me with as much vigor as forty years passed in India had left him. I was placed on a reading-desk before him; the bell-pull was fastened to his chair, and silence reigned throughout the apartment. I fancied I was approved; but felt a little startled when the old general suddenly gave a violent twitch to the bell.

"Send Miss Gascoigne down," was the brief order given.

In five seconds a timid-looking girl appeared at the door.

"Miss Gascoigne, the author of this book defends the worship of cats and other minor animals; you will be so good, when you read the passage, to repeat at the same time the fourth verse of the 20th chapter of Exodus."

Miss Gascoigne bowed and withdrew. The general's studies were resumed: again the bell was rung, and Miss Gascoigne appeared to order.

"Miss Gascoigne, though the author of this work, with a commendable tenderness for the feelings of the people she is among, veils her face, that she may not startle the prejudices of the chance African in her path, she scruples not to offend the equally harmless prejudices of the majority of her own countrymen, by irreverent remarks on all they hold holy. Yes, Miss Gascoigne, she does not hesitate, on the hypothesis that the sacred Scriptures are a collection of myths or legends, to banish God from His creation, destroy the notion of a Providence, and give the lie to the Law and the Prophets. Miss Gascoigne, when you peruse this book, please to repeat the nineteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Revelation, and to consider that it applies to the whole of scripture."

The next day Miss Gascoigne was not summoned to the library. People little know how much a day's quiet reading repays one for the agony of the printing-press. On the third day, again she was sent for; again she stood at the door in mute attention.

"Miss Gascoigne," the general commenced, "the author of this work seems disposed to undervalue the Christian religion, on the score of the greater number of converts made to Mahomedanism. She is apparently not aware that the regions of the East would number miles with European inches; and that if there is anything to scatter, the wider the field, the wider must the object be scattered. But there are further reasons for the inequality she misinterprets, which, with my slight acquaintance with the East, I could at once explain, when the opportunity may occur. Miss Gascoigne, I wish, however, to make one remark to you. A tailor advertises tight-fitting suits, which admit of no relaxation of position, and confine the wearer to an entire new attitude. Wrinkle or spot would be disgracefully conspicuous on these clothes, which allow of no letting out or taking in; which, in short, when once adopted, must be the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Another artisan in apparel, advertises a loose-hanging garment, which can be wore over any other threadbare habit. Formed of a material warranted not to show dirt, and on which even blood-spots are not easily seen, it is a garment in which you may eat, drink, and sleep; and though not unbecoming, from the prevalence of the mode, it may be worn large enough to wrap round a man and as many wives as he can afford to keep. Miss Gascoigne, I would ask you one question,—Which tailor, do you imagine, would procure the quickest custom—the vendor of the tight fitting, easily-blemished suit, or that of the cheap loose garment, warranted not to spot?"

Miss Gascoigne considered the last would sell fastest.

"Very well," said the imperturbable general, "when you read Miss Martineau's comparative view of the converts to Christianity and to Mahomedism, please to bear in mind the irksomeness of a tight coat and the comforts of a paletot, or what in my time was emphatically called, a wrap-rascal."

Thus proceeded General Gascoigne's study of my precious pages. Every little novelty, every Socinian eccentricity, every bold thought, borrowed from Rosenmüller or others, was as quickly confided to Miss Gascoigne with what the General conceived an antiseptic remark from himself. At length he rang the bell more violently than ever; and, scarcely waiting for the appearance of his daughter at the door, exclaimed,—

"Miss Gascoigne, the author of this work knocks under. She has visited and left Damascus, without presuming to touch upon the conversion of St. Paul. If she admits that, and the authenticity of his epistles, the poor thing may still take her place among the worshippers of the Trinity."

Instead of making my way into Miss Gascoigne's study, I was rather surprised to find myself one morning reversing the order of book-clubs, and making a retrograde movement back to Ayling Vicarage. If I was astonished, Mr. Arden was a little more so on reading the note which accompanied me.

Gen. Gascoigne's compliments to Rev. John Arden, and hopes, for the sake of the younger part of the Knighton Book-club, and of Christianity in general, that he will take some measures to withdraw *Eastern Life* from the club.

Mr. Arden turned the note in his hand as maidens do valentines, and then called his daughter. At the very moment she came running to him with her hand full of letters she had just taken from the postman.

"I am sure, papa, here is an invitation from Yeldon Castle," she said. "Do open it."

The indulgent old vicar forgot the general in his desire to oblige his child, and read aloud,—

Dear Mr. Arden,—I do think *Eastern Life* a very objectionable book. For the sake of the young people, whose opinions are not so well confirmed as your dear girls' may be, do you not think it would be better to withdraw it from the club? Ever sincerely yours,

C. Yeldon.

Annie shook from head to foot. Emma, who had joined the party to inspect the letters, knew not how to assist her in this dilemma. A dark cloud passed over Mr. Arden's brow, but

he said nothing, while opening a note almost mechanically. He started, and looking angrily at Annie, as he read, —

Dear Sir, — I hope on hearing of the sensation which *Eastern Life* has caused in our book-club, you will exempt me from all participation in the ill-tempered things said respecting it. I admire the book as much as I do your liberality of idea in bespeaking it. Yours truly,

PHYRNE NEWERA.

"Oh, papa, do not look at me so!" the poor girl exclaimed. "We were afraid to tell you what a wicked book it is."

At this moment Mr. Murray was announced. After a hurried greeting, he asked to speak to Mr. Arden alone; and then informed him he came from Mr. Denyer on the subject of *Eastern Life*, then going the circuit of the book-club. What a conglomeration of persecution! and how sick I was of all the *phrases banales* thrown at me! Suffice it to say, Mr.

Murray just then recollected his brother, a student at Göttingen, had sent to him for a copy of *Eastern Life*; so my identical self was precisely what he wanted. My place was to be filled by the *Queens of England*; and the sisters were to be well scolded for their want of candor respecting "Annie's wicked book."

I am inditing this lament from Göttingen, with a schnapps besprinkled cover, and a cigar marking my most spiey page. I live among congenial spirits; still I feel it banishment, and lack the spirit with which Coriolanus viewed the same circumstances. My Magna Mater may have more of the Roman, and hear but "the common cry of curs," in the voices which discard the poor offspring from the Christian's library; if not, and this, my Lament, should reach her, perhaps she will devise some plan to keep my brethren out of country book-clubs; or, at least, get up some editions as shoemakers do boots, for "country wear."

Fraser's Magazine.

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

SKETCHES TAKEN DURING A SUMMER RAMBLE.

BY EDWARD BOAS.

I. — NEAR REGENSBURG.

A broad stream winds in a very circuitous course through a green and fertile valley. Against the horizon are marked the towers of an ancient city. Along the left bank of the river there is a range of rocky heights, which are for the most part covered with low brushwood. As you follow this range with your eye, you perceive that on leaving the city it is composed of calcareous limestone; at a bend in the river this formation suddenly breaks off, and the remainder is dark-colored granite. The geologist stands at this spot, and, as he muses upon the phenomenon, strives to solve the great problem of the formation of the earth.

On the summit of two neighboring peaks of granite are two buildings which form a strange contrast. Here we behold a gray, crumbling ruin, which dates from the middle ages. Its massive towers are broken; green vegetation bursts out from between the huge stones; the stairs have disappeared; and the blue sky and the golden sun shine freely into the wide, roofless halls. Close by, upon the

brow of another hill, there rises up, white, new, and glittering, a superb Grecian temple. Lofty, magnificent columns support the roof; a splendid ascent of stone steps leads up to the entrance; all the skill of Hellenic art has been expended upon this architectural masterpiece.

But how do these two buildings, so different in their characters, come into such close proximity? Are they to be the stage for a gigantic representation of Goethe's Helen? Does Faust, the dark son of German romanticism, dwell in the deserted ruin? Has Helen, the most perfect representation of Grecian beauty, taken up her abode in the glittering temple? — No, the old castle is called Regenstauf; the new pile of columns is the Walhalla of King Louis of Bavaria. The towers in the background belong to Regensburg, and the stream that winds through the valley is the Danube.

Some small figures were slowly moving up the enormous steps which lead to the Walhalla. Seen from the valley they must have looked like flies, for the hill is high; but a nearer approach would have shown them to be human beings, and I too was among them.

The rays of the sun were reflected with a scorching heat from the white stone; large drops rolled down our faces, and we were heartily rejoiced when at length we stood before the portico of the colossal structure. We entered, and suffered our feet to be clothed with socks of felt, in order that we might leave no marks to disfigure the floor. But indeed it is extremely beautiful, composed of brilliantly white and dark-red marble, and, in a word, the interior of the Walhalla dazzles the senses by the beauty of its proportions, and the richness of its decoration. It is composed entirely of stone and metal; no ornament which architecture can employ has been forgotten; polished marble, gold, and brilliant colors unite to form an unrivalled whole.

There is but one thing to destroy the impression which it makes upon the beholder. What is the purpose of this gigantic structure? Those little tablets high up on the walls, those tiny busts, look like accidental ornaments, and do but destroy the harmony of the vast, empty space. Is it here that all the glory, the pride, and the immortality of Germany are treasured up? In that country which is the heart of Europe, have not more persons than these lived who have deserved the crown of laurel? Germany comprises thirty-nine states, contains as many million inhabitants, has celebrated the thousandth anniversary of her independent existence,—and is this the sum of all her greatness?—No! Party-spirit has distributed the rewards, and withheld them from men whose names are distinguished in the annals of fame. Or is Luther worth less than the arch-bishop Paris Lodron, of Salzburg, of whom most visitors hear for the first time in the Walhalla? Was Gustavus Adolphus less a German than Charles XII.? Was he less brave than Wallenstein? Is Hegel of less value to us than Peter Henlein of Nuremberg? Is Jean Paul really inferior to Saint Mechtildis, and has the Count of Schaumburg-Lippe done more for us than Joseph II.?—But why do I ask? There is no one to give me an answer; no one who is accountable. This Walhalla, which has borrowed its name from northern heathenism, its form from polytheistic Greece, and the greater part of its inmates from the calendar of saints, is but the

magnificent result of a royal whim; it is no national monument to German greatness.

II. — THE JESUITS IN THE TOWER.

On the summit of a hill close by Linz there stands a strong round tower, built of gray stone, and bomb-proof. By its side there is a small church, and both these buildings belong to the Jesuits. How came the black brethren into this tower?—Maximilian d'Este proposed in the year 1826 to fortify the town of Linz in a new method, by means of a girdle of armed towers, which should be connected with one another by subterranean passages. On yonder height he built one as an experiment, and the Jesuits petitioned to be allowed to occupy it "provisionally." And so it happens that now, after a lapse of twenty years, they are immovably fixed there.

The outer gate was open, but on entering we soon reached an inner door of oak, where we were obliged to resort to a bell-handle. A small slide opened, and through the I. H. S. of the iron grating we caught a glimpse of a dark physiognomy. When we had expressed our desire to ascend the tower, we heard the rattling of keys; the door opened, admitted us, and was immediately locked behind us. We were in the power of the Jesuits, and I could not refrain from an involuntary shudder. The "seminarist" who admitted us could not be more than twenty years of age. He wore the black robe of the order, his hair was cut short, and his face was pale; a nervous twitching distorted his features. His colorless lips were pressed closely together, and down-cast eyes completed the portrait of a Jesuit.

In the entrance-hall we did not notice anything remarkable. A small stair-case led into the basement, and we looked down into the kitchen. Some Jesuits were busy about the hearth, their bare arms forming a strange contrast to the dark cowls in which they were enveloped. The smell which arose from the underground region was not grateful to our olfactory nerves, and we followed our silent guide up the winding stairs. Every where we saw nothing but closed doors; the building seemed to be totally uninhabited, and yet its cells are occupied by a multitude of Jesuits. Pictures of Ignatius Loyola and other worthies decorated the white-washed walls. We continued to hope that we should come to something interesting, and thus we mounted from story to story, until at last we stepped out upon the flat roof.

The whole of Germany cannot perhaps afford a more glorious view than that which we here enjoyed. Linz is a very picturesque

* The Walhalla was erected by the present king of Bavaria, who is a most munificent encourager of the fine arts, in order to serve as a monument to all great names in German history. But as he has, until lately, been wholly guided by the Jesuits, none but true sons of the Roman Church have been able to gain admittance among the "worthies." It is supposed that a different course will now be adopted.

Ed. Dag.

town, and is so lovingly embraced by the smiling landscape, that it is impossible to imagine a more beautiful panorama. Linz has a peculiar charm for strangers, and yet it has no splendid buildings, no gorgeous churches, such as are seen in most of the towns of southern Germany. Even in Regensburg, that sombre city of narrow, crooked streets, the cathedral has a striking and solemn beauty, and its arches are tall and graceful, like lilies carved out of stone. But Linz requires no such ornament; it is fresh and full of life. When you enter the town, you feel the south; you feel the proximity to Italy. The lofty and airy houses, the steep and busy streets, the gushing fountains, the green trees, the pretty maidens in their singular national costume, the life and bustle,—all this on a warm summer evening makes you feel as if you were in Lombardy; and the Austrian soldiers who crowd the streets do not destroy the illusion. The town lies scattered on the sides of hills, which are covered with foliage to their very summit. Villages, houses, and churches peep out from among the dark woods and the yellow cornfields. And the Danube, like a huge water-snake, pours its broad strong flood along the side of the town.

I love the Danube above all rivers. I was acquainted with it at Donaueschingen, where, like a weak child, it rises from its cradle; I was acquainted with it in Hungary, where, like a wild Magyar, brawling and foaming it rushes towards the Black Sea. But from Regensburg downwards it appeared strange to me, for its banks were monotonous, almost tame. It is only on reaching Passau that it attains its full beauty. Between forest-crowned hills it flows along in perpetual windings; here and there a town or a ruin breaks the uniformity. At last the valley expands; a picturesque town seems to hasten forward to meet the steamboat, and Linz is reached.

While from the parapet of the round tower we admired the fertile valley of the Danube, the young Jesuit waited for us at the door which opens upon the roof, and then silently led us down the winding stairs. The same death-like stillness reigned in the whole building, and when the bolts were fastened behind us, and we stood without on the open road, I breathed more freely; for, I confess it, I had been afraid. Being somewhat ashamed of this feeling I concealed it, but one of my companions, an old colonel, who had fought a score of battles and had often been exposed to the fire of hostile batteries, smoothed down his gray moustache and said, "Thank God that we are out of that hole; I was in fear and trembling, all the time we were there."

We walked round the building; but although the window-curtains were not drawn, we could perceive no trace of any living being. We then entered the church which was open, and quite empty. It was decorated in the usual style of the Jesuits. Over the altar there are high windows of a deep yellow color, and the light of day assumes a fiery hue, streaming through the church like the flames of purgatory. The pictures which hang against the walls have the same character of Jesuitism. The faces have all a wry, distorted expression; even the Holy Virgin wears an appearance of mock-humility. But the Pope is represented in magnificent attire, and with a full and sensual countenance.

Long after we had left the tower behind us, I could not divest myself of the shuddering sensation which had gained such a mastery over me; even the bright eyes of the pretty peasant girls were unable to dissipate my fears.

III. — AN ADVENTURE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The river Traun forms a large and beautiful lake in the midst of the Alps, and on its border lies the town of Gmunden. The houses are as white as snow, the church steeple is tall and tapering, the background is formed by hills clothed in luxuriant verdure, and the whole is reflected in the crystal waters of the lake. From the opposite side the Alps look down with solemn yet benign countenance; light clouds hang about their brow, from which descend from time to time short but smart showers of rain. A small steamboat is lying in the harbor of Gmunden, — and the deck is crowded with a motley company, among whom two lovely girls in the national costume, with black silk braided into their long tresses, are conspicuous. There is nothing to spoil the fresh rural scene, except a noble banker from Vienna with a wadded coat and a gold eye-glass.

The anchor was soon weighed, and we rushed through the foaming waves. On both sides of us steep rocks rose almost perpendicularly out of the water, and the heights were crowned with dark pine woods; soon they approached nearer to each other, and the steamboat had reached the end of its voyage.

An old man was standing on the shore, and offering Alpine roses for sale; I seized a bunch and placed them in my hat, and prepared to ascend the mountain. Several of the passengers joined our party, and we set out, laughing and singing, with the intention of descending to Ischl before the evening closed. Oh, how different are these Alps from our raw northern mountains! Their out-

lines are so clear and pure, that they seem to swim in the atmosphere. The Riesengebirg and the Harz have their stately heights, but their outlines are harsh, their forms are cold. Here the summits are almost lost in light; sparkling mountain streams spring out from the walls of rock; larches, with their delicate light-green foliage, rustle on the edges of the precipice, and with the dark pine trees form a pleasing mixture of light and shade. How much we had to admire, to examine, and to take with us! One found a remarkable geological specimen; another picked a fragrant bunch of lilac cyclamen; a third sketched a peasant in a green velvet jacket and scarlet vest. The hours flew by without our thinking of time, and we had ascended to a considerable height. Suddenly the trees, the rocks, and the waterfalls, were glowing with the light of the setting sun. We hastened our steps, but it was in vain; long before we could reach the valley dark shades lay all around us.

Now we called a council of war. As none of us knew the way, and we feared that we might lose ourselves in the woods, and as we had a sufficient supply of provisions, and some well-filled travelling-flasks, we resolved to rest until midnight, when the moon would rise, and her light would enable us to proceed. Only one of the party, a ducal chamberlain, opposed our proceedings; he laughed at our cowardice, and, declaring that he would sleep comfortably at Ischl, started alone.

We wiled away the time with pleasant conversation until the silvery light of the moon began to glitter through the dark foliage; then each man seized his staff, and walking rapidly forwards, we reached, in about an hour, the edge of the wood. Here to our astonishment we found our late companion; he looked bewildered, and terror was depicted upon his pale, moonlit countenance. We assailed him with questions, and he narrated his story with evident alarm. It appeared that soon after quitting the wood he perceived a house, which was built against a very high rock, and with a steep precipice in front, between which and the house there was only a narrow path. The brave youth prepared to follow this path, but on approaching the house he discovered an enormous black dog, who was evidently prepared to defend the pass, and whose attitude showed that he was ready to spring upon the first assailant. Our friend hesitated, and from a distance threatened the monster with his stick, but it was to no purpose; the dog would not quit his post, but remained motionless, with his jaws open, and his eyes fixed upon the unfortunate wanderer. An at-

tempt to rouse the people of the house by shouting was also unsuccessful; they were all asleep, and, as he did not dare to approach nearer, he resolved, not without fear of pursuit, to retreat to the edge of the wood, where he was found by us.

After having heard the chamberlain's story, we prepared to continue our journey, although he entreated us to wait till daybreak, when the inhabitants of the house would doubtless chain up the savage creature. We in our turn laughed at him, and said that six men armed with good sticks ought to be able to pass Cerberus himself. As his entreaties were in vain he joined our forces, and we advanced, like an army eager for battle. Soon we saw the white house in the moonshine, and, true enough, there was the terrible dog close beside the door. It was a beast of extraordinary size, as black as a coal, and with a broad shaggy chest. Involuntarily we formed into close ranks, the chamberlain prudently occupying the centre. The creature uttered not a sound, which in dogs is considered a sign of a savage disposition; but our courage did not fail. At last we were quite close to him, and still he neither moved nor barked; we cautiously stretched out our sticks towards him and discovered,—that the black monster was remarkably well painted upon the white wall of the house, in the intention, no doubt, of frightening away thieves.

It may readily be imagined that the chamberlain did not escape without a fair proportion of jokes, and that we were spared the rodontades which he had inflicted upon us the preceding day. The sun had just risen when we reached Ischl, the bathing-place in which the fashionable world now delights to pitch its summer-tent.

Telegraph.

The French seem unable to achieve either the fact or the eidolon of a Republic. The competition for a symbolic figure, which began "full of sound and fury," has ended by "signifying nothing." Even French *Art*, it seems, cannot attain to the ideal of a model Republic. Six hundred artists lent themselves to the attempt—and the final failure is now before us. On the 23d of October, the Committee appointed to decide ultimately on the twelve compositions selected from the six hundred sketches, rejected *all*:—and, as if in despair of the object, negatived a proposition for submitting it to any further competition.

THE ELIXIR OF BEAUTY.

The Elixir of Beauty: A Book for the Toilet-Table. Clarke.

No interference with Lady Blessington's annual being hereby meant, we beg leave to introduce a *hand-book* of Beauty! Such a casket of dainty devices, indeed, was certain to follow the more substantial offering of M. Saussure. "Politeness should have dictated, the ladies first," as *Mr Twigg* might have said. But the precedence was not of our marshalling; and courtesy being satisfied by protest, we will "sit" upon this manual with a respect due to the theme and to those whom it is intended to profit.

A puzzle detains us at the outset. Can this homily, which is anonymous, be some sibylline leaf by the favorite of Miss Burney's "sweet Queen,"—good Mrs. Trimmer? Why else should the author have "downed" the spirits of Lily, Rose, Violet, and Lonicera* by reminding these and all other Flowers of Loveliness that Goodness is better than Beauty? Miss Lambert knows that they worked that lesson years ago in cross-stitch on their samplers,—

Fair may the Rose be, but she fades with time,
The Violet sweet, but quickly past its prime, &c.

They got it by heart in their catechisms. They are aware that grass is green; and—not looking for a repetition of the fact—were expecting toilet-talk and cosmetic counsel. Far more to the purpose is it that they should be furnished with an exact list of defects such as they can remedy:—

"Such as stooping, carrying the head on one side, neglecting the teeth, taking insufficient air and exercise, turning in the toes, frowning, giggling, even squinting, pouting, and making faces. A dreadful catalogue, which our duty compels us to notice.

More valuable instruction of a like quality follows. Ladies are apprized (p. 19) that "by thinking" harmonies of feature may be produced. The snub-nose of a *Corinna* is a vastly different thing from that of a *Cressida*. At p. 24, Beauty may tremble when she hears that, "under the influence of certain passions, as indifference, contempt, or unconcern, the surface" of even a *Tulip-Cheek's* complexion "becomes dry and contracted, and will frequently present that appearance which is

*"Why Lonicera wilt thou name thy child?"

I asked the gardener's wife, in accents mild,

"We have a right," replied the sturdy dame,

And Lonicera was the infant's name.

Crabbe's Parish Register.

commonly known by the name of goose-skin."—We always knew that "*Don't Care* came to a bad end,"—but the awful particulars were never till now laid before us. But Stout is to be as much deprecated as Scorn:—the drinking of porter being denounced (p. 29) as "apt to give too much color."

The distiller of our Elixir wages war against caps; and, with Macassar sympathies, thinks long corkscrew ringlets apostolic and beautiful when "they fall unconfined and free over the snowy shoulders and swan-like necks of our British fair." Possibly so:—but they are also a trifle in the way, except they be carried in the hand, after the fashion of Mrs.——, the inimitable songstress, when she warbled "The soldier tired." Nor are we to be "knocked down" by Baily's "*Eve at the Fountain*," picturesquely cited as an example. Paradise is one place—Piccadilly another. But our considerate author has in some small measure provided for the inconvenience adverted to. Beauty is to be indulged with "a light bonnet" when "engaged in domestic affairs,"—such as the whipping of cream—or children.

Balsamically (the word is Madame D'Arblay's) are the teeth, the breath, the smile here moralized; but space forbids us to follow the toilet-teacher. We agree with his *dictum* regading shoe-soles:—also that no interest is attached to wet feet in spite of Beauty's perverse conviction to the contrary. On the subject of dress he is unpardonably vague. Could Moral Suitability's self have dreamed that a treatise like this could have been issued with never a word (to express our meaning circuitously) on the subject of *Crinoline*? Then, as to "making-up," his views are anything but decided. Page 90 contradicts page 59 on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of wearing rouge:—a vacillation to be blushed for. Our author is hardened and consistent enough in countenancing kindred figments and pigments. He can recommend Beauty, if she be caroty or when she grows gray, to "submit to a pleasing transformation" and dye:—never hinting at consequences so trifling as headaches, weakened sight, *et cetera*. Nay, further, he holds it "in some instances excusable" to doctor the eyebrows! A code so utterly devoid of consistency staggers us. Shaken in our faith, we give small heed to this Elixir-monger's law laid down in the case of pink and blue shoes; and, what is worse, we hold cheap the artistically studious "Lady of

his acquaintance," whom he trumpets as having been a model-dresser, and whose manner of procedure was as follows:—

"Her manner was, in the beginning of the year, to have her face drawn in a little oval, extremely like, and without flattery; she had many dresses painted on a sort of isinglass, which she could clap upon the face of this oval, and observe what colors, or subdivision of colors best became her complexion. I have seen her make the same face bear a becoming sadness, a downcast innocence, a heedless gaiety, or a respectful attention, according to the different lights and shades that were thrown upon it by the application of the several dresses round the head and neck."

This cannot be a lost treatise by Mrs. Trimmer, but rather the work of a downright Pharisee or Loyola. The nature and goodness of the pattern-excellence just described, slap our author's prefatory maxims in the face somewhat sharply. *Basta!* There is no safe conduct in this book. Let *Pulcheria*, if she would slay club-men and torture Belgravian women, confide herself to her maid and her milliner, and put to the door such a Mr. *Worldly-Wiseman* as this; who, we suspect, in spite of all his "simplicities," carries in his pocket some Circassian Nigrine, or Turkish Jet Pencil, "warranted to baffle Discovery's self."—*Athenæum*.

VIENNA DURING THE LATE INSURRECTION.

The Archduke Charles Hotel, }
Kürnthner Strasse, Oct. 7th, 1848. }

Who, at the commencement of the current year, would have imagined that this capital, which I had hitherto regarded as the *Chef lieu du luxe et de la tranquillité*, would become so suddenly changed?

Surely, the love of disorder and revolution must be deeply engrafted by nature in the human heart, to have caused the hitherto pacific Viennese to break out as they have done. No one wonders at the unruly acts of a Parisian mob; a chartist row every now and then is a matter of course in our own country, notwithstanding its general character for loyalty; while an Irish rebellion excites no more surprise, and just as much ridicule as the burlesque of a successful tragedy. But a revolution in Vienna is incomprehensible. What had the Viennese to complain of? A capital more favored by its Government never existed, its inhabitants were as the children of a kind, indulgent father; indeed, if there were a happy city of earth, it was Vienna, previously to the unlucky month of February, which has not only brought anarchy and confusion upon that unhappy country, France, but the tide of revolution having overflowed its banks, its waves have found an entrance into the Austrian capital, and transformed a loyal, quiet, and orderly people, into a set of discontented rebels.

The last time I wrote to you, was just as I was quitting Paris for Vienna, at the commencement of July. I had hoped that the sort of revolution that had previously taken place among them, would have contented my

friends, the Viennese, and I had made up my mind to a peaceable residence of several months in a city, where, as you are aware, I had formerly passed so many happy days. To be brief, I had been staying ever since my arrival at the hôtel from which this letter is dated; occasionally, it is true, having my repose somewhat disturbed by those unruly young fellows, the students, who, in England, would be kept in order with the rod, for the greater portion of them are mere boys. These ingenious youths imagine themselves to be cut out by nature, for constitution and republic makers, and are deluded into the idea of their being the regenerators of humanity: fortunately, however, they have experienced a set-down, which will suffice them for at least some time to come.

Yesterday, the 6th, I had just returned from a visit to Schoenbrunn, and was taking my luncheon at the excellent *restaurant* affixed to my hôtel, when I heard some persons talking very loudly and energetically outside, and on looking through the window I perceived a number of National Guards (not dressed as they are in Paris, but in hideous black and yellow uniforms) running quickly in the direction of St. Stephen's cathedral. Anxious to learn what was going forward, I hastily quit-
ted the hôtel, and on reaching the open space before the cathedral, found a crowd congregated there, consisting of National Guards, chiefly from the Faubourgs, and students in their new revolutionary uniform. A large party was striving to sound the tocsin, while the black and yellow, or, as I will call them for shortness, the Imperialist National Guards,

were opposing the attempt. These latter had entered the steeple of the cathedral, and suddenly poured down a volley on the crowd below, by which several persons were killed and wounded: a dreadful yell now arose, and the armed men around me began to fire upon the National Guards in the church. As you may imagine, I tried to get away as fast as possible, but this was no easy matter, for I was hemmed in by the crowd; but at length I managed to get at some distance from the scene of action, when I came upon a regiment of Imperial soldiers, accompanied by artillery; upon this I rushed through the *porte cochère* of a house, and running up stairs to the first floor, with several other persons, who, like myself, were non-belligerents, I looked upon the fight that was taking place in the street below. The regular soldiers were soon put to flight, and several cannon captured by the National Guards, (not the yellow blacks,) the people and the students, or rather, as these latter term themselves, the Academic Legion. As I considered my quarters as anything but safe, I quitted the house during a temporary lull, and went off to a Viennese friend of mine, who lived in the Graben. This, however, was going out of the frying-pan into the fire, for shortly after my arrival a barricade was thrown up nearly opposite the house, which was attacked by some infantry and artillery. Soon afterwards a cannon-ball passed through one of the windows and buried itself in a mirror over the fire-place. Fortunately, no one was wounded by the pieces of broken glass. A few minutes afterwards the apartment was entered by a dozen armed men, chiefly students, one of whom, addressing us very briefly, exclaimed:

"We have to apologize, gentlemen, for disturbing you, but we require the loan of this room to fire from," and, without more ado, the party proceeded to open the windows and fire from them upon the military. You must be certain that I was by no means desirous that the insurgents should gain the day, upon this occasion; but I must frankly confess that in this one instance, I did somewhat hope that the Imperialist soldiers might be repulsed from this quarter, for I felt assured that if the barricade below were taken, that the troops would enter the house and shoot every person in it, on account of the firing from the windows. My friend, who was a most loyal subject to his Emperor, evidently entertained the same fears as myself, so that we both awaited the result in great anxiety. The defenders of the barricade, however, not only held good their own, but actually drove the troops from their position, and gained possession of the

artillery after some very sharp fighting. Our unwelcome visitors then retired, having civilly thanked us for the use of the windows.

Shortly after this affair, several persons called upon my friend, bearing the lamentable news of the murder of Count Latour, the minister of war, who, after having been stabbed in many places, had been hanged up to a lamp-post opposite his own door, notwithstanding the efforts made by M. Smoka,* one of the vice presidents of the Diet, to save the nobleman's life. It was a cold-blooded, ferocious deed, worthy of the demons that disgraced the first French Revolution. I had dined at Count Latour's only two days previous to his murder.

As the fighting had ceased in the environs of the Graben, I ventured to return towards my hôtel. I came, however, almost immediately upon a picket of Imperialist troops; the soldiers of which, having arrested me, conducted me to their officer, who, on my informing him that I was an Englishman, and producing my *carte de séjour*, allowed me to proceed, and at about seven o'clock I reached my own quarters.

The booming of cannon and the reports of musketry kept me awake all night; and at daylight, on my descending to the court-yard, the master of the hôtel informed me that the arsenal had capitulated after a severe struggle. On going out into the streets, I found barricades erected at almost every corner, which were being fortified by cannon. During the combat in the streets very few barricades had been raised, and the present ones were for the purposes of defending the city against any attack that might eventually be made, should the troops return. A good many dead bodies were lying about, one of which I recognized as that of a very handsome young officer of the Imperial Guard, whom I had frequently met in society. I must, in justice to the rebels, remark, that his corpse had not been plundered, although he wore several valuable rings on his fingers, and round his neck was a beautiful Maltese chain, to which was suspended a gold chronometer, by Barwise, of London. I assisted in carrying the body into an adjoining house.

At ten in the morning the news arrived that the Emperor had fled from Schoenbrunn, with his court and escort of four thousand cavalry, which was considered by the Viennese as an act of treachery on his part; as if they expected that his Majesty would quietly submit to their dictation, and surrender all his prerogatives, just because a handful of re-

* Schuselka is probably meant. Ed. Dag.

bellious subjects chose to murder his minister of war, and get up a rebellion in his capital. Surely the Viennese might have contented themselves with the immense concessions already granted them by their generous sovereign, had they possessed the slightest feeling of gratitude. Anyhow, the garrison, consisting of ten thousand men, has quitted the capital, and here we are under the rule of an infuriated populace, whose power within the precincts of the city is unlimited. All respectable persons are naturally terror-struck. How all this will end, I know not; anyhow I will have no intention of quitting the place, as I consider it to be the best plan, in cases such as the present, to remain where one is. Those who quit Vienna at this moment, will in all probability find the country in a dreadful state of disturbance, and will run the risk of being plundered and murdered by roving parties. Even when the Imperial armies attack the capital, which they are certain to do, before long, should they regain possession of the city, foreigners will have nothing to fear, if they keep quiet and refrain from meddling with what does not concern them.

Oct. 31.

Since writing the above, we have been going through a series of events sufficient to satisfy the most ardent seeker after excitement; for my part, I have had a little too much of it, for it is by a miracle only that I am alive. You must have seen in the newspapers many accounts of what has occurred since the commencement of the insurrection. At this moment, thank heaven, Vienna is again in the power of its proper authorities, and good measures are being taken to ensure the preservation of order.

During the first few days that followed the departure of the troops, matters within the city went on without much disturbance, and had it not been for the barricades which remained standing, and the constant parading of National Guards, the Academic Legion, and the armed populace, we should have scarcely imagined that we were in the midst of a besieged city. Contradictory accounts kept coming in. At one moment we were informed that the Hungarians had attacked Jellachich, and routed his army, while at other times it was asserted that the provinces were in open revolt, and were attacking General Windischgrätz. Every succeeding day, however, affairs became more serious, and the constant firing and booming of cannon proved to us that we were in the midst of war. I ascended St. Stephen's steeple several times, and could perceive the Imperial forces quartered around the city, and I felt assured in my

mind that the place could not hold out against such well disciplined troops. At length, the attack began in real earnest, a proclamation found its way to within the glacis, by which Windischgrätz declared that every one found carrying arms should be immediately shot by the Imperial troops. You may imagine my dismay, when a counter-proclamation was issued by M. Messenhauser, that every able-bodied man, whether foreign or native, who should refuse to take up arms and aid in the defence of Vienna should be immediately shot. Bitterly did I repent of my not having quitted Vienna on the outbreaking of the insurrection; for on the 29th, a band of armed men entered the Archduke Charles hôtel, and forced me and several other foreigners, among whom was a Dutch Quaker, to accompany them to Leopoldstadt, to assist in defending that Faubourg against the troops. On arriving there, we were compelled to fire from a barricade which was being attacked by a battalion of Grenadiers of the Guard. There was no use expostulating, for several infuriated insurgents in our rear levelled their muskets at our heads, and swore that they would blow out our brains should we make any attempt at escape. I remained for some time in the midst of the firing, and you may easily imagine the feelings of a peaceable man like myself, on finding himself in such a dreadful position. All around me appeared a dream, and I loaded and fired mechanically; my shot indeed could not have occasioned much damage. At length the barricade was carried, and the troops rushed forward, putting us to flight; I say *us*, for although with the troops in spirit, I was corporeally with the insurgents. It was a regular *saute qui peut*, and I ran until I got among the ruins of a house that had been burned down and which were still smoking. I had not been long there before a company of Light Infantry passed by, following in the steps of the battalion by which the barricade had been taken. On perceiving their captain, I recognized him as a Baron de Lederer, with whom I had been many years acquainted. Darting from my hiding-place, I ran towards him, exclaiming, "Lederer, my dear fellow, save me for the love of God," adding immediately afterwards, with a loud voice, in order to prevent the soldiers from firing at me, "Vive l'Empereur, Vive Windischgrätz." Notwithstanding these precautions I narrowly escaped being shot down, and would, indeed, certainly have had my body riddled with bullets, had not the Baron recognized me, and taken me under his protection. I marched with the company into the capital, over scenes of blood-shed and

horror, such as I fervently hope never to witness again.

Thank God, I am at this moment comfortably housed at the "Archduke Charles," re-

covering from the effects of my fright and bruises. Yours very truly—

HENRY WALTER D'ARCY.

Bentley's Miscellany.

MEMOIR OF ROBERT BLUM.

In the Augarten, near Vienna, on the 9th November, was shot by order of the Imperial Commander, Prince Windischgrätz, ROBERT BLUM, of Leipzig, publisher, the leader of the decided party of freedom in the Frankfort Assembly. His execution has caused an extraordinary sensation throughout Germany, and has been the subject of discussion in the Assembly of National Representatives at Frankfort, of which he was a member. The following is the official account of Blum's execution, as given in the organ of the Austrian Government, the *Vienna Gazette*:—"In virtue of a sentence passed by martial law on the 8th instant, Robert Blum, publisher, of Leipzig, convicted on his own confession of speeches exciting to revolt, and of armed opposition to the Imperial troops, was, in virtue of a proclamation of Prince Windischgrätz, of the 20th and 23d October, condemned to death, and the execution thereof carried into effect at half-past seven o'clock on the morning of the 9th November, 1848, by powder and lead."

Blum is stated to have been arrested in the city hospital. He and his colleague, Fröbel, went with an address to the Diet of Vienna. There is no proof of his having joined in the resistance of the Viennese, further than having been found lodged in one of the hotels. At six in the morning, on the day of his execution, he was informed of his sentence. He replied that he expected it. A little before seven he arrived in an open van, with a guard of cuirassiers, in the Brigithenau. Both in the van, and during the fearful moments after leaving it, Blum's behaviour was manful and composed. Kneeling down, he tied the handkerchief over his eyes with his own hands. He fell dead at the first discharge, two balls having entered his chest, and one his head. The body was conveyed to the military hospital.

Robert Blum was one of the most extraordinary of the political characters which late events in Germany have brought into prominent notice. Fearless, eloquent and earnest, he was the architect of his own fortune, and became a popular leader, at a time, and during scenes, when to be so was dangerous in the extreme.

His father was a laborer, engaged in loading and unloading vessels on the banks of the Rhine. He passed his earlier years at Cologne, assisting his father in his rude occupation. He afterwards obtained employment in the Cologne theatre—first, as cleaner of lamps, and subsequently as box-opener. Though extremely awkward and ugly, he seems to have given satisfaction in this situation, and, during the many years he filled it, he spent his few leisure moments in cultivating his mind. At Leipzig, where he had the same office at the theatre, and later that of ticket-seller, he began to increase his income by writing small essays. These were much read, and brought him acquainted with the numerous *litteraten*, or authors, who live at Leipzig, as the centre of the bookselling trade of Germany. From the attention which he gave to the pure idiom, as spoken on the stage, he lost the vulgarity of his native Cologne dialect, and this, added to his natural eloquence, soon gave him a great ascendancy in the growing political agitation of the day. He now became the editor of various political and semi-political almanacs, his own articles in which attracted considerable attention. Ronge's neo-Catholicism was adopted by him with the greatest ardor. His speeches inflamed the indifference of a great portion of the Leipzig Romanists, and he was considered the natural leader whenever a political crisis approached. In 1843, when the Romanist tendencies of Prince John of Saxony had rendered him temporarily unpopular, and a riot broke out in Leipzig, Blum gave a direction to the whole, subdued the furious mob into obedience to his will, and in the evening, resting from his dictatorship, was found selling opera tickets, as usual. He married into a family residing in Leipzig, and became a bookseller. The events of March, 1848, made him an active and indefatigable agitator from that time. His stentor-like voice, and the precision of his manner, rendered him a very popular vice-president in the famous Vorparlament at Frankfort, in the last days of that month, and his election at Leipzig was almost unanimous. In the German Parliament he was considered

by the Conservatives as one of the most dangerous leaders, principally on account of his being a man of progress, and of his vast influence over the people. He was sent to Vienna, with four others, to represent the sympathies of the 120 who form the Radical party, for the popular movement in that capital—then in the hands of the Diet, and invested by the troops of Windischgrätz. Here his usual caution deserted him. According to all

reports, his speeches were, without exception, of the wildest Jacobinical character. He stood prominent as a leader after the proclamation of the Prince, and he was the first sentenced to death. His execution is a gross breach of the law acknowledged throughout Germany, by which the persons of members of the German Parliament are safe until that assembly has granted permission for their prosecution.

THE TOWN, ITS MEMORABLE CHARACTERS AND EVENTS.*

"Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy,
Here we go backward and forward,
And heigh for London towny."

This is almost the pleasantest of Leigh Hunt's many pleasant books. It is quite astonishing to contemplate the originality which he has the power of diffusing over subjects treated of by so many writers. The materials of such a work as this before us, are necessarily drawn from a thousand antiquarian writers, some of them the most leaden-headed of men, yet in the volumes there is not one dull page—not one chapter which does not carry the reader on to the end. It is a book which so enchains the attention, that it is absolutely difficult to lay it aside. In many of Mr. Hunt's works there are passages addressed to peculiarities of taste which could not be sympathized with by those living beyond the conventional wishes which were appealed to. The grotesque and the whimsical were, it would so seem, affected. We were not disposed to be reminded of Montaigne or of Addison, as often as our author wished to call them to our remembrance. Mr. Hunt, too, often seemed to be thinking, not of his subject, but of the way in which others would treat it. The reader was in earnest while his author seemed to be jesting, and this provoked momentary impatience. Still there was everywhere such exuberant good-nature, such fullness of heart, such a determination to be pleased with everything and everybody, that each successive work added to the number of Hunt's friends; for it is impossible to think of him as a stranger, whether it is so happens that his readers may have met him or not. For the last few years his publications, at least such of them as we have seen, have been for the most part reprints of his contributions to periodical

works; and to this, in part, perhaps, is to be ascribed the feeling, that although he must now have as gray hairs as any of his critics, he yet seems a young man, and a young man he certainly is in heart and affections.

It is not very easy to give an account of this book. We have said that Hunt's style, in some of his works, is not free from something which, however natural, is not unlikely to be regarded by readers unfamiliar with his manner, as affectation. From this fault, a serious one, and which has done much to restrict the number of his readers, these volumes are wholly free. Nothing can be more perfectly English than the style is throughout. A few phrases, differing by their colloquial plainness from the ordinary language of the printed books of the present period, tell occasionally of the old writers, among whose works his favorite studies seem to lie; but this occurs not half as much, nor, to our tastes, half as pedantically, as in the works of Southey. Hunt's is a graceful, natural style for the most part—resembling spoken, rather than written language. In short, the book is a cordial, chatty, winter fireside book. We do not so much walk through London with him, as listen to him telling of his walks. His sympathies are with the great men who have lived in London, rather than with London itself. The descriptions of buildings please us less than the associations of persons, often with the humblest lanes and thoroughfares; and Mr. Hunt's book is very rich in this sort of interest. The changes of manners from the earliest times to the period of which Mr. Hunt was personally a witness, are here very amusingly shown. If the book has a fault, and one must be almost a reviewer to find one, it is that the thread of association, which in this book unites topics most remote

* "The Town, its Memorable Characters and Events." By Leigh Hunt. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1848.

from each other, is their accidental connection with some London street. Men that you never have thought of are presented naturally enough together to the mind of one who knows London well, by the accident of having been born, or lived—at intervals, perhaps of centuries—in the same locality; but to all persons who know little of the great Babel, this link of association is one that does not ever suggest itself; and hence the contrasts are often very abrupt. The execution of Lord Russell, for instance, prepares us but ill for an election promise of the Duke of Newcastle, and the extraordinary accident by which it was kept. A very affecting passage from "Burnet's History," and "Lady Russell's Letters," harmonize little with "a laughable and true story," connected with the Duke of Newcastle, told in a curious miscellany, entitled "The Lounger's Commonplace Book." These, however, if faults, are the faults of Mr. Hunt's subject, not his own; and we doubt, indeed, whether they are faults at all. "There are," says Goldsmith, "a hundred faults in this thing, and a hundred things might be said to prove them beauties." This was an author's preface to one of the most charming works ever written; we speak of the "Vicar of Wakefield," of which we never saw one of one hundred faults, till pointed out by criticism, and in spite of the criticism we forget them whenever we read the book, which we have done again and again, and which we shall do again and again. Yet how easy would it be to write a review of it, exhibiting its impossibilities and incongruities, and dealing with fiction as if it were fact, and as if the writer who had addressed the imagination were to weave his tale on the supposition that there was no such faculty in his reader—as if all these difficulties which disturb the pedestrian critic, were difficulties or interruption at all to the winged faculty which overflies them altogether. We envy in Mr. Hunt the genial sympathies which make him think of everything in its true human aspect, which make him see, even in the most vicious states of society, such good as is in them—finding man, after all, everywhere, not a devil, but a "damaged archangel." Of Johnson, surely, among the best things we know, is the tender judgment with which he regarded all error and all frailty—the defences which he perpetually made for his friends, whose outward acts were not exactly squared by conventional standards. Of this a hundred instances might be given. We take one from Boswell, with Mr. Hunt's comment on the biographer.

"Campbell," said Johnson, "is a good man, a pious man. I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years; but he

never passes a church without pulling off his hat. This shows that he has good principles." "On this" (we quote Hunt), "says Boswell, in a note, I am inclined to think he was misinformed as to this circumstance. I own I am jealous for my worthy friend, Dr. John Campbell. For though Milton could, without remorse, absent himself from public worship, I cannot." Now Hunt, like Johnson, teaches us to sympathize with all—to think a man may be religious who goes to church, and another who stays away,—to feel that there may be a good deal of stern independence becoming a great man, in Penn refusing to take off his hat, or honor, with bonnet-worship, his father, the old admiral; and nevertheless imagine the old admiral by no means wrong in thinking this peculiarity of manners a very absurd one, and not the less absurd "for being elevated into theological importance." The Quaker, refusing to take off his hat in a court of justice, may, if judged of by the thoughts actuating him in resistance, be easily a more fitting subject of admiration than the beadle, who removes it from the refractory disputant's head. The latter, however, represents society seeking to maintain the decencies of life, and the value of Mr. Hunt's catholic taste is this, that he exhibits the inner principle, justifying each. Men are happier—men are better—men are more forbearing—more charitable to each other—from the influence of such books as this. There is a pleasant poem of Leigh Hunt's, in which he gives us a little story, from D'Herbelot, which illustrates happily the train of thought which his present book suggests. We may as well transcribe it:—

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase),
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight, in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence, in the room, he said,
'What writest thou?' The Vision raised its head,
And with a look, made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, 'I pray thee then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

The volumes before us contain, with some new matter, a good deal that Mr. Hunt had, some thirteen years ago, published under the title of "The Streets of London," in successive monthly supplements to "Leigh Hunt's London Journal;" and the publishers, who it, seems, look for a more extensive work by the same author, have thought it desirable to re-

print this account of that part of London which extends from St. Paul's to St. James'. To the volumes describing this portion of London, the name of "The Town" is given, and we are told that "the author may be encouraged, by the reception which the present venture may meet, to complete his account of London, by extending his researches east, west, north, and south; making the whole circuit of the town, and advancing with its streets into the very suburbs."

The book is ornamentally printed, with a great number of illustrations, for the most part views of buildings, and with fancifully-designed initial letters and tail-pieces. The very binding is extremely beautiful. Binding is becoming one of the fine arts, and the cover of the book is advertised as "designed by W. Harry Rogers."

We may as well give the opening of the work. One page exemplifies as well as another the exceedingly happy conversational style in which the whole—for a few exceptions are not worth noticing—is written:—

"In one of those children's books which contain reading fit for the manliest, and which we have known to interest very grave and even great men, there is a pleasant chapter entitled *Eyes and no Eyes, or the Art of Seeing*. The two heroes of it come home successively from a walk in the same road, one of them having seen only a heath and a hill, and the meadows by the water side, and, therefore, having seen nothing,—the other, expatiating on his delightful ramble, because the heath presented him with curious birds, and the hill with the remains of a camp, and the meadows with reeds, and rats, and herons, and king-fishers, and sea-shells, and a man catching eels, and a glorious sunset.

"In like manner people may walk through a crowded city, and see nothing but the crowd. A man may go from Bond-street to Blackwall, and, unless he has the luck of witnessing an accident, or get a knock from a porter's burthen, may be conscious, when he has returned, of nothing but the names of those two places, and of the mud through which he has passed. Nor is this to be attributed to dulness. He may, indeed, be dull. The eyes of his understanding may be like bad spectacles, which no brightening would enable to see much. But he may be only inattentive. Circumstances may have induced a want of curiosity, to which imagination itself shall contribute, if it has not been taught to use its eyes. This is particularly observable in childhood, when the love of novelty is strongest. A boy at the Charter-House, or Christ-Hospital, probably

cares nothing for his neighborhood, though stocked with a great deal that might entertain him. He has been too much accustomed to identify it with his school-room. We remember the time ourselves when the only thought we had in going through the metropolis was, how to get out of it; how to arrive, with our best speed, at the beautiful vista of home. And long after this, we saw nothing in London but the book-shops."

There is a passage in Boswell, quoted by Hunt, in which he describes the amusement afforded him by the contemplation of what a different thing London is to different people. The politician thinks of it but as the seat of government in its many departments; the grazier as the great cattle-market; the merchant as the place where the business of the world is done; the lover of the drama as the place where the great theatres are, and so forth; "but the intellectual man," and here Boswell rises high above his ordinary self, "is struck with it as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible."

Leigh Hunt's London is intended to touch on all these subjects of interest. The book is to be everybody's book. The grazier is here told of great graziers who lived in former days; "of Bakewell, who had an animal that produced him in one season eight hundred guineas; of Fowler, whose horned cattle sold for a value equal to that of the fee-simple of his farm;" the money lover is told of the miser of old, who, after spending thousands at the gambling table, would haggle for a shilling at Smithfield. In describing St. Paul's School we are reminded that there Milton was educated; in passing Johnson's-court we are told of the fine old man amusing himself, during his residence there, by imitating, for Boswell's edification, the language of the Scottish heads of families, and proudly designating himself *Johnson of that ilk*. The very names of the streets have their interests. Who, till reminded of it now, remembers when walking in Fleet-street the river Fleet. There is not a sight or sound in London that this book does not aid us in connecting with additional associations; and we have no doubt that our next visit to the "Babylon of the Anglicans" will be rendered a pleasanter one, through the hundred incidents which this little book links together by the tie of place. We have no hope of realizing objects to ourselves to the extent that years of residence in London and the neighborhood have rendered possible to Mr. Hunt. We have nothing of the matter-of-fact imagination which could make us "feel

as if Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, the Club of the Mermaid, and the Beauties at Whitehall were our next door neighbors;" but we admit that there is much of truth in this pleasant exaggeration of the pleasurable feeling, and we listen with delight to the eloquent conversation of our gentle guide, who could work this wonder if any one could.

We must place ourselves among the scenes, as we best can, and contemplate them shifting, under the spell of the magician, Time:—

"Ancient British London was a mere space in the woods, open towards the river, and presenting circular cottages on the hill and slope, and a few boats on the water. As it increased, the cottages grew more numerous, and commerce increased the number of sails.

"Roman London was British London, interspersed with the better dwellings of the conquerors, and surrounded by a wall. It extended from Ludgate to the Tower, and from the river to the back of Cheapside.

"Saxon London was Roman London, despoiled, but retaining the wall, and ultimately growing civilized with Christianity, and richer in commerce. The first humble cathedral church then arose, where the present one now stands.

"Norman London was Saxon and Roman London, greatly improved, thickened with many houses, adorned with palaces of princes and princely bishops, sounding with minstrelsy, and glittering with the gorgeous pastimes of knighthood. This was its state through the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet reigns. The friar then walked the streets in his cowl, (Chaucer is said to have beaten one in Fleet-Street,) and the knights rode with trumpets, in gaudy colors, to their tournaments in Smithfield.

"In the time of Edward I. houses were still built of wood, and roofed with straw, sometimes even with reeds, which gave rise to numerous fires. The fires brought the brooks into request; and an importance which has since been swallowed up in the advancement of science, was then given to the *River of Wells* (Bagnigge, Sadler's, and Clerkenwell,) to the *Old Bourne* (the origin of the name of Holborn,) to the little river Fleet, the Wallbrook, and the brook Langbourne, which last still gives its name to a ward. The conduits, which were large leaden cisterns, twenty in number, were under the special care of the lord mayor and alderman, who, after visiting them on horseback, on the 18th of September, 'hunted a hare before dinner, and a fox after it, in the *Fields near St. Giles*.' Hours, and after-dinner pursuits, must have altered

marvellously since those days, and the *body* of aldermen with them.

"It was not till the reign of Henry V. that the city was *lighted at night*.

"The illumination was with lanterns, slung over the street with wisps of rope or hay. Under Edward IV., we first hear of *brick houses*; and in Henry the Eighth's time, of *pavement in the middle of the streets*. The general aspect of London then experienced a remarkable change in consequence of the dissolution of religious houses; the city, from the great number of them, having hitherto had the appearance 'of a monastic rather than a commercial metropolis.' The monk then ceased to walk, and the gallant London apprentice became more riotous."—pp. 15, 16.

British London is supposed to have been about a mile long and half-a-mile wide. Modern London occupies more than eighteen square miles, densely populated. London is probably the healthiest city in the world; but it owes its health to the successive purifications of plague and fire; the first compelling cleanliness, and the other having given the opportunity of more open buildings, and clearing away nests of impurity and contagion. Much remains to be done, and the fear of cholera is even now doing it.

In Elizabeth's days the London houses were for the most part of wood, built with one story projecting over another. Neither ground nor materials were then spared, and there were courtyards which answered well for theatres, and long-rooms and galleries which did well for dances. It was "merry England," a name that it continues still to bear, though perhaps with less right to the designation. The exuberant happiness resulting from health seems more the thought in this word "merry" than any other; but, interpret it as you will, its colloquial meaning is now very different from any that can be assigned to it in this old expression, but on this we must let Mr. Hunt speak:—

"A word or two more on health, and our modes of living. London was once called 'Merry London,' the metropolis of 'Merry England.' The word did not imply exclusively what it does now. Chaucer talks of the 'merry organ at the mass.' But it appears to have had a signification still more desirable—to have meant the best condition in which anything could be found, with cheerfulness for the result. Gallant soldiers were 'merry men.' Favorable weather was 'merry;' and London was 'merry,' because its inhabitants were not only rich, but healthy and robust. They had sports infinite, up to the time of the Common-

wealth—races, and wrestlings, archery, quoits, tennis, foot-ball, hurling, &c. Their May-day was worthy of the burst of the season; not a man was left behind out of the fields, if he could help it; their apprentices piqued themselves on their stout arms, and not on their milliner's faces; their nobility shook off the gout in tilts and tournaments; their Christmas closed the year with a joviality which brought the very trees indoors to crown their cups with, and which promised admirably for the year that was to come. In everything they did there was a reference to Nature and her works, as if nothing should make them forget her; and a gallant recognition of the duties of health and strength, as the foundation of their very right to be fathers."—p. 24.

That increased happiness may be the condition of future society, and that England may, in a higher sense than the words have yet borne, be "merry England," we believe with Mr. Hunt; and we incline to think that the opportunity will be given, not by creating again any of the phases through which society has passed, but, most probably, by the advances of science, enabling future men to support their families with less of bodily and mental toil, and thus leaving more time and heart for manly bodily exercises. The importance of fresh air is felt; and dens of pollution will not be suffered to accumulate in the heart of cities. Railroads will enable thousands to live far away from the smoke and noise of cities, for one half of their time. Domestic life, which in no true sense existed in old days, will be the result of this separation of the place of business from the proper home; and happiness will be the effect. In England there is the perfect honesty and truthfulness of purpose that will attain its ends at last. Mistake there often is, never willful mistake; and with all their faults, we think it absolutely impossible that the vast overbalance of good accompanying the daily discussion of every question in the newspapers, must not compel everywhere an examination of these questions of health of body and of mind, on true principles.

Hunt tells us, what we are not prepared for, "that there is scarcely a street in the city of London, perhaps not one, from some part of which the passenger may not discover a tree." In Cheapside it was supposed to be out of the question. "Yet," says our author, "in Cheapside, is an actual, visible, even ostentatiously visible tree, to all who have eyes to look about them. It stands at the corner of Wood street, and occupies the space of a house."

The passage reminded us of Wordsworth's poem, "The Reverie of Poor Susan," and we

at once placed Wordsworth's thrush in the very tree. We will print the poem, as it remains in our memory:—

"At the corner of Wood-street, when daylight appears,
There's a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years.
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard,
In the silence of morning, the song of the bird.

"'T is a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

"Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail:
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth which she loves.

"She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colors have all passed away from her eyes."

Alas! we can make nothing of it. The thrush was a *caged* thrush which awaked poor Susan's heart, as we learn, from accidentally looking at a later edition of the poem, where the second line is printed:—

"Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years;"

So we must give up the fancy of making Wordsworth's thrush a visitor of the Wood-street tree. The heart of the poor servant girl from the country, wakened by the note of the caged bird, is, perhaps, better for Wordsworth's purposes; but the alteration of the passage, which disproves a point of our own, can scarcely be regarded by us with complacency, and we wish Mr. Wordsworth would cease mending his poems. Mr. Hunt tells us, "There was a solitary tree, the other day, in St. Paul's churchyard, which has now got a multitude of young companions. A little child was shown us a few years back, who was said never to have beheld a tree, but that single one in St. Paul's churchyard. Whenever a tree was mentioned, she thought it was that and no other. She had no conception even of the remote tree in Cheapside. This appears," adds Mr. Hunt, "incredible; but there would seem to be no bounds either to imagination, or the want of it."

Assume the fact of the child having seen no other tree, it goes far in the way of evidence against Mr. Hunt's notion of trees being far from singular objects in the city; but however this be, if the one tree were the only one the child ever saw, we do not feel any surprise at her thinking it was meant when a tree was mentioned. In fact we think it must have been so, if persons are right who think that a child actually, in the first instance, mistakes,

when it calls the second man it notices "papa." That a child having seen but one tree, should think the world contained no more than one, is no more strange than that the sight of Westminster Abbey, or the Monument, should never suggest to her the existence of similar buildings. We are far from sure that in the notion of a tree or any other object of thought which we have first obtained by means of the eye,—extend it to however many individuals you please, or vary it as you will by any process of abstraction or generalization,—the first individual tree or other object which has attracted the attention, is not a part of any after conception.

The citizens of London are fond of flowers. In the heart of the city, Hunt calls our attention to the names of Vine court, Elm court, &c. "There is a little garden in *Watling street*; it lies completely open to the eye, being divided from the footway by a railing only." Milton and Shakspeare lived in what were called garden-houses. "A tree or even a flower put in the window in the street of a great city, sheds a harmony through the busy discord, and appeals to those first sources of emotion which are associated with the remembrance of all that is young and innocent. They present us with a portion of the tranquillity we think we are laboring for, and the desire of which is felt as an earnest that we shall realize it somewhere, either in this world or the next. Above all, they render us more cheerful for the performance of present duties; and the smallest seed of this kind, dropped into the heart of man, is worth more, and may terminate in better fruits, than anybody but a great poet can tell us."

It is natural that Hunt, a poet, should everywhere and in everything refer to the poets. It confirms the truth of his view, that everywhere through the Scriptures analogies are suggested between the spiritual being of man and the growth and progress of vegetable life. The tenderest and most beautiful illustrations are forever drawn from the forest and the field; they start up at once into every reader's mind, and they have the advantage that they can scarcely be marred by individuals connecting with them accidental associations calculated to spoil their effect. They remain as pure symbols as they were when first used by prophet and apostle, and greater than apostle or prophet.

Under Mr. Hunt's guidance, the traveller through London streets begins at St. Paul's. It is probably the oldest ground built upon in London. There is some reason to think it was a burying-ground of the ancient Britons, because, when Sir Christopher Wren dug for a

foundation for his cathedral, he found abundance of ivory pins, and wooden ones, apparently of box, which are supposed to have fastened their winding-sheets. The graves of the Saxons lay above them, lined with chalk-stones, or consisting of stones hollowed out; and in the same row with the pins, but deeper down, lay Roman lamps and lachrymatories. Sir Christopher dug down till he came to sand and sea-shells, and London clay. "So that," says our author, "the single history of St. Paul's churchyard carries us back to the remotest periods of tradition, and we commence our book in the proper style of the old chroniclers, who were not content unless they began with the history of the world."

Sir Christopher's operations, going back to the birth-day of creation, disturbed not a little of the antiquarian rubbish with which the imagination of the prosiest of all mankind had encumbered the spot. A temple of Diana had been fancied as an edifice occupying, in remote days, the site of the present church. The temple-fanciers of course found the proofs which they were predetermined to find. Sacrificial knives and vessels were found in suspicious proximity with rams' horns and boars' tusks; and—something more exquisite still—in digging between the deanery and Blackfriars, a brass figure of the goddess was found, and the old tradition was given by Woodward a life of some fifty or sixty years more. Wren thought his examination of the ground disproved the pagan tradition, but he saw some reasons for not refusing credit to what he calls authentic testimony, recording that a Christian edifice was built here, and "a church planted by the apostles themselves."

The authentic accounts, however, of St. Paul's, establish that a Christian Church has existed on the spot since the conversion of England by St. Augustine. The first structure was of wood, and was burned down and renewed more than once. In the year 1087, a stone edifice was commenced, and "men at that time judged it would never be finished," so vast was the design, "so wonderful was it for length and for breadth." It was not finished for more than two hundred years, and after it was finished, there were from time to time cumbrous additions. At length the great fire of London swept all away, and gave space and opportunity for the present building.

We have not room for Mr. Hunt's description of the old edifice, and its successive additions, nor could we hope to render any description of it intelligible, without the aid of pictorial illustrations. Hunt gives us a spirited engraving of the West front of old St. Paul's, with Inigo Jones' portico. Nothing could be

more incongruous with the rest of the building than this Corinthian portico, which, singly considered, was a beautiful composition. "Fourteen columns, each rising to the lofty height of forty-six feet, were so disposed, that eight, with two pilasters placed in front, and three in each flank, formed a square (oblong) peristyle, and supported an entablature and balustrade which was crowned with the statues of kings, who claimed the honor of the fabric :—

"It is of the cathedral, as thus renovated, that Sir John Denham speaks in the following passage of his 'Cooper's hill' :

"— That sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether it's a part of earth or sky,
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud ;
Paul's, the late name of such a muse whose flight
Has bravely reached and soar'd above thy height ;
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or
fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee, the best of poets, sings,
Preserved from ruin by the best of kings."

" 'The best of poets' is his brother courtier, Waller, who had some time before written his verses 'Upon his Majesty's repairing of St. Paul's,' in which he compares King Charles, for his regeneration of the Cathedral, to Amphion and other 'antique minstrels,' who are said to have achieved architectural feats by the power of music, and who, he says :—

"— Sure were Charles-like kings,
Cities their lutes, and subjects' hearts their strings ;
On which with so divine a hand they strook,
Consent of motion from their breath they took."

"Jones' first labor, the removal of the various foreign encumbrances that had so long oppressed and deformed the venerable edifice, Waller commemorates by a pair of references to St. Paul's history, not unhappily applied : he says the whole nation had combined with his majesty

"— to grace
The Gentile's great Apostle, and deface
Those state-obscuring sheds, that like a chain,
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again ;
Which the glad Saint shakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his sacred hand."

"Denham's prediction did no credit to the prophetic reputation of poetry. Of the fabric which was to be unassailable by zeal or fire, the poet himself lived to see the ruin, begun by the one and completed by the other ; and he himself, curiously enough, a short time before his death, was engaged as the king's surveyor-general in (nominally at least) presiding over the erection of the new cathedral—the successor of the 'sacred pile,' of which he had thus sung the immortality."—pp. 34-36.

The incongruities of architecture, where you had a Corinthian portico with a Gothic pedi-

ment, and obelisks, and turrets, were "nothing to the several deformities" within. Old St. Paul's was from the first "a den of thieves." To go round the wall of the churchyard, was felt by the busy Londoners to be too great a circuit ; and, even in the reign of Henry III., the church itself became a thoroughfare. Loiterers, led by devotion or love, lingered in the aisles, or round the altars. In the reign of Edward III. the king complains that the eating-room of the canons had become "the office and workplace of artisans, and the resort of shameless women." Kings remonstrated, and bishops fulminated mandates and excommunications in vain. Parliaments tried their hand with not much better success. From an Act of Philip and Mary the church appears to have been a common passage, not only for beer, fried fish, flesh, &c., but for mules, horses, and other beasts. In Elizabeth's reign, idlers and drunkards were allowed to sleep on the benches at the choir-door.

Are we to consider the uses in which great portions of the church were employed as encroachments on the rights of the dignitaries, in whom the property was vested ? or were they parties to the kind of tenancy in which it seems to have been held "in great Eliza's golden days?"

Of the chantry and smaller chapels, some were used as storehouses—one was a school, another was a glazier's shop, and the author, from whom we transcribe the last fact, says that the windows were always broken. Part of the vaults beneath the church were occupied by a carpenter, the remainder were held by the bishop, the dean, and the canons ; "one vault, thought to have been used for a burial-place, was converted into a wine-cellar, and a way had been cut into it through the walls of the building itself." Houses were built against the walls, one was a playhouse, another a bakery, with a place for the oven excavated in the cathedral wall.

"The middle of St. Paul's," we transcribe from Mr. Hunt, "was also the Bond-street of the period, and remained so until the time of the Commonwealth. The loungers were called Paul's walkers." "The walkers in Paul's," says Mr. Malcom, "during Elizabeth's and the following reigns, were composed of a motley assembly of the gay, the vain, the dissolute, the idle, the knavish, and the lewd." In Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," we find that advertisements were posted on the columns in the aisle, and Shakspeare makes Falstaff say of Bardolph, "I bought thee in Paul's." In William and Mary's time it would seem that treasonable meetings were held here by the Jacobites.

Of the boy-bishop, and of some of the old pageants, we have amusing accounts, taken from the ordinary sources of information on such subjects, but very pleasantly and conveniently brought together. The fortunes of the church, and the varied scenes enacted through the great changes of religious opinion, are then dwelt on till we come to the days of the Commonwealth:—

"The parliamentary soldiers annoyed the inhabitants of the churchyard by playing at nine-pins at unseasonable hours—a strange misdemeanor for that 'church militant.' They hastened, also, the destruction of the cathedral. Some scaffolding, set up for repairs, had been given them for arrears of pay. They dug pits in the body of the church to saw the timber in; and they removed the scaffolding with so little caution, that great part of the vaulting fell in, and lay a heap of ruins. The east end only and a part of the choir, continued to be used for public worship, a brick wall being raised to separate this portion from the rest of the building, and the congregation entering and getting out through one of the north windows. Another part of the church was converted into barracks and stables for the dragoons. As for Inigo Jones' lofty and beautiful portico, it was turned into 'shops,' says Maitland, 'for milliners and others, with rooms over them for the convenience of lodging; at the erecting of which the magnificent columns were piteously mangled, being obliged to make way for the end of beams, which penetrated their centres.' The statues on the top were thrown down, and broken to pieces."—p. 62.

Hunt does not linger long at St. Paul's. We hear nothing of service or sermons; and perhaps they would be unsuitable to the light context of his book. The booksellers of the churchyard, as he calls them, are more to his taste; and we have some mention of Mr. Johnson, who published Cowper's works, and gave dinners to Darwin, Goodwin, and others, among whom Mr. Hunt incidentally mentions Cowper. The poet and his bookseller never met; indeed this we learn from Hunt himself. Newberry's children's books are praised for their gingerbread covers, gilt with gold; and Mr. Hunt is quite right in thinking that the covers were the best part of them. The fairy tales and Arabian nights, were worth all Newberry's library, including Goody Two Shoes—which it is the foolish fashion to impute to Goldsmith—ten thousand times told.

We must pass rapidly over the storied ground of Creed-lane, Ave Maria-lane, Pater-noster-row, Amen-corner, &c.; only borrow-

ing from Mr. Hunt, the fact or fancy, that "close to *Sermon-lane* is *Do-little-lane*."

Doctors' Commons and domestic infidelities next follow in natural association. The repository of lost wills and testaments remind Mr. Hunt of Milton and the squabbles that Warton disinterred from the records of the Prerogative, of Shakspeare, and his bequest of his "second-best bed" to his wife, which Malone examined with such sad seriousness, and Steevens with such malicious pleasantry, plainly for the purpose of vexing Malone. Hunt tells us, gravely, "that the question is most unexpectedly, as well as happily cleared up by Mr. Charles Knight, who shows that the bequest was to the lady's honor." The big wigs of the prerogative and consistorial courts, do not supply our lively friend with many favorable recollections "of the practisers in the civil courts; we can call to mind nothing more worthy than the strange name of one of them, 'Sir Julius Caesar,' and his ruinous volatility of poor Dr. King. The doctor practised too much with the bottle, which hindered him from adhering long to anything."

"Behind Little Knight-Riders'-street, to the east of Doctors' Commons, is the Heralds' College. A gorgeous idea of colors falls on the mind in passing it, as from a cathedral window,

"And shielded scutcheons blush with blood of queens and kings."—*Kents*.

The passenger, if he is a reader conversant with old times, thinks of bannered halls, of processions of Chivalry, and of the fields of Cressy and Poitiers, with their vizored knights, distinguished by their coats and crests; for a coat of arms is nothing but a representation of the knight himself, from whom the bearer is descended. The shield supposes his body; there is the helmet for his head, with the crest upon it; the flourish in his mantle; and he stands upon the ground of his motto, or moral pretension. The supporters, if he is noble, or of a particular class of knighthood, are thought to be the pages that waited upon him, designated by the fantastic dresses of bear, lion, &c. &c., which they sometimes wore. Heraldry is full of color and imagery, and attracts the fancy like a 'book of pictures.' The Kings-at-Arms are romantic personages, really crowned, and have as mystic appellations as the kings of an old tale,—Garter, Clarencieux, and Norroy. Norroy is King of the North, and Clarencieux (a title of Norman origin) of the South. The heralds, Lancaster, Somerset, &c., have simpler names, indicative of the counties over

which they preside: but are only less gorgeously dressed than the kings, in emblazonment and satin; and then there are the four pursuivants, Rouge Croix, Rouge Dragon, Porteuillis, and Blue Mantle, with hues as lively, and appellations as quaint, as the attendants on a fairy court. For gorgeousness of attire, mysteriousness of origin, and, in fact, for similarity of origin (a knave being a squire), a knave of cards is not unlike a herald. A story is told of an Irish King at Arms, who, waiting upon the Bishop of Killaloe to summon him to parliament, and being dressed as the ceremony required, in his heraldic attire, so mystified the bishop's servant with his appearance, that, not knowing what to make of it, and carrying off but a confused notion of his title, he announced him thus: 'My lord, here is the King of Trumps.' — pp. 82, 83.

The dangers of walking the streets in London is the subject of an amusing poem, by Gay. The ubiquity of the police in our days and nights, protect us from some of the more obvious dangers. Yet, if we were led to think of what men escape, it will be in general considered that the plunder of the swell-mob, or the assaults of footpads, are the most serious evils that have been got rid of, or at least greatly diminished. Not at all! listen to what Leigh Hunt tells you of a century ago, and rejoice: —

"How impossible it would now be, in a neighborhood like this, for such nuisances to exist as a fetid *public* ditch, and scouts of degraded clergymen asking people to 'walk in and be married!' Yet such was the case a century ago. At the bottom of Ludgate-hill the little river Fleet formerly ran, and was rendered navigable. In Fleet market is Sea-coal-lane, so called from the barges that landed coal there; and Turn-again-lane, at the bottom of which the unadvised passenger found himself compelled by the water to retrace his steps. The water gradually got clogged and foul; and the channel was built over, and made a street. But, even in the time we speak of, this had not been entirely done. The ditch was open from Fleet market to the river, occupying the site of the modern Bridge-street; and in the market, before the door of the Fleet prison, men plied in behalf of a clergyman, literally inviting people to walk in and be married. They performed the ceremony inside the prison, to sailors and others, for what they could get. It was the most squalid of Gretnas, bearding the decency and common sense of a whole metropolis. The parties retired to a gin-shop to treat the

clergyman; and there, and in similar houses, the register was kept of the marriages. Not far from the Fleet is Newgate; so that the victims had their succession of nooses prepared, in case, as no doubt it often happened, one tie should be followed by the others. Pennant speaks of this nuisance from personal knowledge: —

"'In walking along the streets in my youth,' he tells us, 'on the side next this prison, I have often been tempted by the question, "*Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married.*"' Along this most lawless space was frequently hung up the sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with *Marriages performed within*, written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop — a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or roll of tobacco. Our great chancellor, Lord Hardwicke, put these demons to flight, and saved thousands from the misery and disgrace which would be entailed by these extemporary, thoughtless unions.'

"This extraordinary disgrace to the city, which arose most likely from the permission to marry prisoners, and one great secret of which was the advantage taken of it by wretched women to get rid of their debts, was maintained by a collusion between the warden of the Fleet and the disreputable clergymen he became acquainted with. 'To such an extent,' says Malcolm, 'were the proceedings carried, that twenty and thirty couple were joined in one day, at from ten to twenty shillings each;' and 'between the 19th of October, 1704, and the 12th of February, 1705, 2,954 marriages were celebrated (by evidence), besides others known to have been omitted. To these, neither license nor certificate of banns were required, and they concealed, by private marks, the names of those who chose to pay them for it.' The neighborhood at length complained; and the abuse was put an end to by the Marriage Act, to which it gave rise." — pp. 106, 107.

But we are in Fleet-street. It is not the year 1848, but 1679, or thereabouts, and we, the English people, are in a perfect fury of Protestantism. We suspect the king, not without reason; we fear and detest the duke, and we will celebrate the birthday of Queen Elizabeth whether the court likes it or not; and we will have our old pageants, let who will oppose.

It is necessary to begin our description at an earlier stage of the ceremonial than that

with which Leigh Hunt commences, and we find it desirable to weave our account of the matter from two narratives drawn up by members of opposite factions, who are, however, describing the procession as enacted in two different years.

The bells of the churches began to ring at three in the morning, and continued through the day. In the evening the procession began, setting out from Moregate to Aldgate, thence through Leadenhall-street by the Royal Exchange, through Cheapside, and so to Temple-bar, in the following order:—

1. Six whiffers, in pioneer caps and red waistcoats.

2. A bellman ringing, and singing "Remember Justice Godfrey."

3. A dead body, representing Godfrey, in a decent black habit, carried before a Jesuit, in black, on horseback, as he was carried by the assassins to Primrose-hill.

4. Next a priest, in a surplice, with a cope, embroidered with dead bones, skeletons, and skulls, giving pardons plentifully to such as should murder Protestants.

5. Then a priest alone, in black, with a great silver cross.

6. Five Carmelites in white and gray habits.

7. Four gray friars.

8. Six Jesuits with bloody daggers.

9. A concert of band music.

10. Four bishops, in purple and lawn sleeves, with a golden crozier in their breasts, and crozier staffs in their hands.

11. Four other bishops, in *pontificalibus*, with surplices and rich embroidered copes, and golden mitres in their hands.

12. Six cardinals in scarlet robes and caps.

13. The pope's doctor (*i. e.*, Wakeman, the queen's doctor), with Jesuits' powder in one hand, and an urinal in the other.

14. Two priests in surplices, with golden croziers.

15. The pope, in a lofty chair of state, covered with scarlet, arrayed in a scarlet gown; boys, with an incense-pot, censuring his holiness; the triple-crown, St. Peter's keys, &c. At his back, his holiness' privy-councillor, the devil, playing all manner of tricks, and suggesting all manner of schemes, seeking to induce him to burn the city again, and holding a torch for the purpose.

Numberless flambeaux accompanied the procession.

The windows and balconies were through the whole line of march crowded with eager witnesses; the streets were thronged with multitudes innumerable, and continued shouts and screams expressed the abhorrence with which papacy was regarded. The slow and solemn

state with which the figures representing pope, cardinals, and Jesuits, moved on to their destiny, formed a strange contrast with the noisy vociferations of the audience. All moved onward to Temple-bar. When that part of the city was rebuilt, it was adorned with four statues of English princes—Elizabeth and James, Charles I. and Charles II., the then king. The statue of Queen Elizabeth was, in honor of the day, decorated with a gilded laurel; in her hand was a golden shield, inscribed with the words, "*The Protestant religion and Magna Charta.*" Roger North, who did not get near enough to read the words on the shield, tells us that her other hand rested on a spear, and that lamps were placed in the niches, and on the wall, that people might have a full view of the guardian of Protestantism. The allegorized thought intended to be conveyed by this decoration of the statue seems to have been that of the goddess Diana, a favorite symbol of all Elizabeth's perfections, receiving an acceptable sacrifice. North wished to see as much of the fun as he could; but he was of the court party, and what he saw he beheld with anything but sympathizing eyes, and his ear-drums were actually ready to burst with the noise of fireworks, that seem to have been scarcely noticed by the furious zealot from whom we have abridged our account of the procession. North had been wandering about through the early part of the evening to see what he could, and at last posted himself in the window of the Green Dragon tavern in Fleet-street. It is not necessary to say that party ran high; whig and tory were words of more meaning than in our days, and sham-battles were carried on between them by squibs from the windows, and skirmishes in the street. The fever of frantic loyalty looked exceedingly like treason, but the people would have it that the king was the traitor. Charles sent for the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, whose duty it was to preserve the peace of the city. They told him that the wisest course was to let the amusement go on. It was suggested that the king should send regiments into the city. This was a ticklish thing to do, and Charles avoided a measure of doubtful legality. He, however, had a strong guard on the outside of Temple-bar, who were not removed till the rout was all over.

About eight at night, the procession began to pass the window where North was posted. Wave after wave swept the crowd before it, as way was made for the successive pageants; he, however, saw little but the agitation of the crowd till "the pope" appeared. He had "a reasonable attendance of state, but his premier minister, that shared most of his ear, was *il signior diavolo*, a nimble little fellow that had

a strange dexterity in climbing and winding about the chair from one of the pope's ears to the other."

The procession in former years had closed with the pope's being burned before the image of our virgin Diana, the devil playing him a thousand slippery tricks. On the occasion on which North assisted, there seems to have been an additional victim. A pageant of Jesuits, and ordinary persons in halters followed the pope, and among them was one with what Roger calls a stentorophonic tube, from which he bawled out most infernally, "Abhorrrers, abhorrrers!"* and then came a single figure, which the imagination of the spectators interpreted at will; some called it the king of France, some the Duke of York; Roger thought it might be his namesake, Roger L'Estrange, the pamphleteer. "It was," he says, "a very complaisant civil gentleman, like Sir Roger, that was doing what everybody pleased to have him, and taking all in good part, went on his way to the fire."

North saw no more, but at Temple-bar the work was now to be completed. The figures were planted in a semi-lune, with the strong light of bonfires and torches blazing upon them; one after one the "hieroglyphic monsters" were flung into the flames. Justice was thus done to the pope and his advisers; "this justice was attended by a prodigious shout, that might be heard far beyond Somerset-house, and 'twas believed the echo, by continual reverberations, reached Scotland." The Duke, afterwards James II., against whose popery this whole hubbub was a demonstration, was then there.

The matter ended better than it deserved, as it is plain that a little good sense on the part of the city authorities might have prevented it all; but the mayor and sheriffs were weak men, and probably felt with the mob. The next year, when firmer men were in the government of the city, a similar procession was meditated, and easily checked. When it was plain that the authorities would act in earnest in preventing this dangerous folly, the planners of it abandoned the design. The sheriffs kept the peace in the city through the night, without having occasion to call on the party of horse who were posted, as on former occasions, on the other side of the Bar. In the course of their adventures that night, the sheriff found what North calls a parcel of "equivocal monsters," half formed, like those fabled of the mud of Nile. Legs and arms lay scattered about, heads undressed, and bodies unheaded.

* "Abhorrrers" were addressers on the side of the court, who had avowed abhorrence of the proceedings of the whigs. The word was a capital one to sound through a trumpet.—HUNT.

These mangled beginners of human resemblances being hauled forth into the street made no small sport among the very same rabble as were to have been diverted with them in more perfection.

The burning of the pope on so large a scale was no joke. There was little disposition to repeat it after the Rye-house plot; but these are topics which we must not discuss in connection with a book of such a desultory character as that before us; and we wish that our author had not been tempted to give an account of Lord Russell's trial and execution. It is not saying any thing derogatory of Mr. Hunt to say, that he has wholly misconceived the reasoning of the lawyers, which he undertakes to communicate and comment on, when he discusses the rather thorny law of treason. That acts which do not in themselves constitute treason were allowed to be proved in evidence of it, is after all the amount of the objection to the evidence received at that trial. A conspiracy to levy war was not treason, but was held by the court to evidence of imagining the king's death, which was. The inference may have been a violent one, but we think Hunt is wrong—in good company no doubt—in thinking any legal principle was violated in the trial, though we believe there is a legislative declaration to that effect in the act of parliament reversing the attainder. We feel, however, that it is impossible to read the earlier cases and not perceive that by the king's death was meant the actual death of the king, and not the destruction of the form of government, into which the thought had been unwarrantably strained; but for this Lord Russell's judges, who are not free from their own share of guilt, were not to blame, for the thoughts had been identified long before that trial. Leigh Hunt's account, however, of the facts of the case is very good. That designs against the person of the king were entertained by many of those acting with Lord Russell—that Lord Russell himself contemplated his imprisonment, while others imagined his death—is, we think, subject to no doubt whatever; but the extent to which their respective plans were communicated to each other must, in all probability, notwithstanding the unexpected revelations which are each day correcting our notions of history, remain for ever secret.

A feature of character is worth transcribing from Burnett. Mr. Hunt gives the passage in full. It was thought the king would have yielded to the solicitation for Russell's life, but that he was afraid of his brother, the Duke of York. "The duke, Lord Rochester told me" [these are Burnett's words,] "suffered some among them—he was one—to argue

the point with him, but the king could not bear the discourse."

The burning of popes of pasteboard, and the execution of patriots, are, when a century or two have passed, events of very much the same kind. Poor humanity is in its nonage, and all this and more must have been gone through before society, in any true sense, can be said to exist. Let us hope and believe that, even in the cases of men most opposed to each other, the opposition most often arises from imperfect views of partial truths. In all the greater heresies, the student of church history finds that some neglected truth has been forced into notice by what seems intemperate ardor to those from whom that truth had been concealed. To no man of letters in our day is so much kindness due as to Mr. Hunt; for never was there a man more tolerant of all that is at all endurable in others, or who has done so much to exhibit jarring interests in the light of some common reconciling truth.

We have lingered too long among the subjects suggested by Mr. Hunt's book, and yet we have left a hundred topics, on which he gives a great deal of pleasant information, wholly untouched. His heart is among the poets and in the play-houses. Pepys' pleasant gossiping gives him more than one good chapter. Bibber gives him a vast deal about the actors and actresses of an early day; and his own recollections bring back many of later date. On the whole, the book is an agreeable, chatty book, fit for a long summer day, or winter night. The topics are, as we have intimated, linked together by threads of association perhaps too slender. Still it has, in all its variety, a unity of its own, and is everywhere agreeable.

The volumes would be improved, and their contents rendered more accessible, by a page or two of index, which might be easily added.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE CHOLERA.

A Disquisition on Pestilential Cholera: being an attempt to explain its Phenomena, Nature, Cause, Prevention and treatment, by reference to an Extrinsic Fungous Origin.

By Charles Cowdell, M.B. Highley.

A Dictionary of Practical Medicine. Parts X. and XI. By James Copland, M.D., F.R.S. Longman & Co.

Cholera: being Practical Rules for Arresting its Progress. By H. Castle, M.D. Longman & Co.

The Treatment of Asiatic Cholera. By Archibald Billing, M.D. Highley.

Plain Directions for the Prevention and Treatment of Cholera. By T. Allen. Oxford, Vincent.

A Letter on the question, Is Cholera Contagious or not? By William Reid, M.D. Highley.

Dr. Dray's Letters on the Cholera. E. Fry.

Some new Views respecting Asiatic Cholera. By Arthur Leared, M.D. Baillière.

Revelations of Cholera, Report on the Homoeopathic Treatment of Cholera, The Thompsonian Method of Treating Cholera, — and other quack Pamphlets.

Cholera Instructions, Central Board of Health.

From the above list of works on cholera it

might be anticipated that we had culled something which we could announce to the public as an advance upon our previous knowledge of this subject. But we are anxious at the commencement of our notice to avow our conviction that ingenious and clever as many of these works are, and creditable to their authors, they throw but little additional light on the causes, symptoms, and treatment of this truly formidable disease. We should not, however, do our duty to the public did we not express our opinions on the numerous publications issuing from the press, and intended for popular perusal, on a topic of so much painful interest as Cholera. We will throw the remarks we have to make on this subject under three heads, — the causes, theory, and treatment of this disease.

First, with regard to the cause. Although, when we were first threatened with cholera in 1830, it was generally believed that this disease was contagious, — that is, capable of being propagated from a diseased body to a healthy one, — this belief has given way almost entirely to the impression that the body during the choleraic attack does not give off poisonous matter capable of producing the disease. The evidence, however, upon which the notion of the contagiousness of cholera rests, is still considered by some high medical authori-

ties as conclusive; and Dr. Copland, in a very able article in his "Dictionary of Medicine," is an advocate of this view. Whilst we admit that the evidence which he brings forward of the contagiousness of cholera under certain circumstances is very strong, we do not think it sufficient to justify the conclusion that it spreads by contagion alone. This is the view taken by Dr. W. Reid in his letter addressed to Lord Morpeth upon the question, Is cholera contagious or not? He believes that occasionally, under peculiar circumstances, — just as ophthalmia and erysipelas, which are not ordinarily contagious diseases, become so — cholera, though not commonly contagious, may also assume such a character.

If, then, the great mass of the cases which have occurred in the world are not produced by contagion or infection, to what other sufficient cause can the prevalence of this disease be ascribed? This question has been answered by many writers with more or less ability. Dr. Cowdell, whose work stands at the head of our list, says that the sporules of fungi are capable of producing such a disease. He has compiled with great industry all the facts that have been lately published on the presence of fungi during disease, — and has written a book which may be read with interest, though the conclusions of the author be not adopted. The great drawback on the practical value of his book is, that the argument is entirely *à priori*. He has proved in a satisfactory manner, by facts drawn from analogy, that it is not impossible that some of the lower forms of vegetable growths may contribute to the spread and attack of this disease, — but he has brought forward not one particle of positive proof. Dr. Cowdell would, we think, have done better to have waited till he had an opportunity of examining the blood of cholera patients; for most assuredly, if the fungi are there they would be revealed by the microscope as effectually as they are in yeast, scald-head, pyrosis, &c. The same objection may be urged against the animalcule theory of the origin of the disease: — a theory, by-the-by, which has not so much analogical evidence in its favor as that of the fungous theory.

Amongst the non-contagionist writers on cholera, the most favored theory of its origin is evidently that which ascribes it to a miasm or poison generated on the earth, and which, passing into the air, is conveyed into the human system, — where it produces the disease. This miasm or poison, however, — like the dreaded malaria, which produces intermittent and remittent fevers — is, like the fungi and animalcules, an assumed cause. No one has yet caught, bottled, or ex-

amined under the microscope, any one of these poisons, — although it must be confessed that the laws which regulate the attack and spread of diseases like cholera and fever, are very much in favor of the existence of such agents. If we admit that cholera is due to the generation of such a poison, we must still further admit that circumstances which had no existence prior to the year 1817 — the time when cholera first appeared in India — have been developed. What these are can be only matter for conjecture.

Then there are those who — feeling that contagion, fungi, animalcules, and miasms are insufficient to account for the origin of cholera — call in the aid of electricity as partly or entirely the cause; and amongst these is Dr. Leared. Nothing is more common than for those who know a little of electrical phenomena, — and thus become aware of the extent to which the property which is called electricity is developed in matter, — to confound its effects with its causes, or attribute to it an agency which correct apprehensions of its nature would speedily show to be impossible. We maintain that no evidence has yet been brought forward of an unexceptionable character that could in any manner lead us to infer that any unusual manifestation or irregular activity of its phenomena has had anything to do with the production of cholera. We say this, perfectly aware of all the stories afloat about the electrical conditions of the atmosphere at St. Petersburg, the derangements of electric telegraphs, and even the giving off of electrical sparks from persons dying of cholera. The fact is, all these phenomena have evidently been coincidences, and not at all connected with cholera in the relation of cause and effect.

We must confess that this picture of our present knowledge of the exciting cause of cholera is not a very cheering one. But there are visibly what the doctors call predisposing causes — circumstances that operate so as to give those who are exposed to them a much greater liability to cholera than others. Every day increases the evidence that it is persons subjected to a damp atmosphere, loaded with animal and vegetable exhalations, that are most liable to this disease; and that next to this cause come drunkenness, excessive fatigue (mental or bodily), and terror or fear. Although on our acting upon a knowledge of these facts depends our immunity, we will not dwell on these points, — as they are pretty well understood by the public.

If there is difference of opinion on the causes of cholera, there are still greater differences as to the condition of the system in this disease

—its pathology. One author—the name of whose pamphlet we have quoted, but who has put himself beyond the pale of legitimate criticism by the quack character of his otherwise clever work—maintains that cholera is a lesion of the brain, affecting the nerves which supply the stomach and bowels as well as those of respiration. Dr. Archibald Billing—for whose opinion the medical profession has great respect—maintains that cholera is but another form of fever; and that the blue or suffocative stage is the analogue of the cold stage of fever in such forms of it as common ague. Dr. Leared, in his little book, quotes the opinion of the late Dr. James Johnson,—who says, “I am perfectly satisfied that the disease is a serous hemorrhage from the bowels; that is, that the serous part of the blood is drained off from the internal surface of the intestinal canal, till the powers of life are worn out, or the remaining blood becomes too thick to circulate.” Others, observing that the liver is early deranged, ascribe the symptoms to a deranged condition of this organ. Spasm of the capillaries, atony of the blood-vessels, and other conditions of the system, equally extravagant and absurd, have been supposed to give rise to the disease. We mention these views for the purpose of condemning them:—for, inasmuch as they lead to a treatment adapted to a hypothetical condition of the body, they are likely to do serious harm. Thus, we find that the authors who advocate certain theories of the disease employ remedies accordingly. Those who believe it to depend on nervous derangement, recommend arsenic and hydrocyanic acid. The advocates of a serous hemorrhage would supply saline matters and albumen. The senior physician of St. George’s Hospital goes so far as to recommend supplying from without human blood. • Dr. Billing eschews stimulants and opium, and treats the disease as a fever. The already depressed system, he thinks, should be further depressed by tartar emetic, and the already relaxed bowels relaxed by doses of Epsom salts. Those who think the liver is at fault give calomel:—whilst spasm of the capillaries and atony of the blood-vessels are respectively relieved by brandy, cajuput, camphor, or quinine.

In the midst of this conflict of opinions, it is some consolation to find that there is something like a standard practice recognized by the great mass of the medical profession. In the pamphlets by Mr. Allen and Dr. Castle we have the practical good sense of the general practitioners of this country expressed. They offer no explanation of causes or symptoms; and recommend a treatment founded on the universal experience of mankind, one that rests

on the observation of the effects of well-known remedies—effects that are adapted to counteract the particular symptoms of cholera. We shall not enter into the details of this treatment; but it appears to us most rational that as cholera is known to have a premonitory stage, in that stage every effort should be made to arrest it. The symptoms here are under the control of well-known remedies,—and these are the remedies in which we recommend the public to put their trust. As the successive symptoms arise they must be met by many remedies—not by one; and we believe those practitioners will succeed best who treat each symptom as it accrues in accordance with the best known principles of therapeutics.

But while approving the directions for treating the disease given in Dr. Castle’s and Mr. Allen’s pamphlets, we would certainly not recommend that patients should treat themselves. It is the misfortune of such books that they lead people to venture on dabbling with their own cases,—often to their serious injury.

One word, before we conclude, about prevention. We cordially concur in all the directions of the Government about the necessity of cleanliness, sewerage, &c.—but it is of little use for them to recommend. Individuals cannot cleanse sewers, trap gully-holes, and compel local boards and authorities to act for the health of the community. The Government alone has the power to compel:—and we ask the Board of Health whether they have done anything at all commensurate with the extent of the evil to improve the sanitary condition of the country!—*Athenæum*.

An exhibition was given on Monday at the Hanover Square Rooms of the new Electric Light. This, we believe, is the same system by which it was proposed some time ago to form an *artificial Sun* to light Paris. Mr. Staite, the inventor of this modification, proposes to parcel out his sun into little bits, so that any of us may have three farthing’s worth of sun to light our private apartments:—which it will do with the brilliancy of 500 wax candles. One bit of sun was exhibited to the meeting; and in its light even the famous lime ball of Drummond grew dim. The difficulty has been, to compensate for the carbon consumed, so as to keep the points of the carbon always in contact. Mr. Staite seems to have overcome this difficulty. At present, the light is not quite perfect,—as it is not easy to obtain the carbon quite pure. It is, however, so nearly so, that there seems little doubt of final success.—*Athenæum*.

DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS.*

No study is more interesting or important than the study of man. It may be pursued through a variety of means. We may observe his manners, tastes and habits; we may listen to his conversation, and mark the influence he endeavors to exercise over the minds of other men. All these may serve as indications of character, but the means by which we may most surely arrive at the truth, is the perusal of the thoughts of the secret pages of the mind. Every other medium may prove false; this alone is unerring.

It is seldom, however, that an individual will allow us to read his soul, or trace his actions to their motive. We must, in general, be content with watching the changing and deceptive surface of events, while the steady undercurrent flows on, concealed from the curious gaze. When, therefore, it is possible to unlock the secret depositories of thought, and reveal the hidden springs of action, the privilege must be considered as eminently valuable, and the more so when we are permitted to investigate the motives of such men as Samuel Pepys, who enjoyed high offices, and fulfilled their duties with distinguished ability, if not with the most scrupulous conscience, and who exerted considerable influence over the affairs of the period. His diary is valuable as depicting to us many of the most important characters of the times. Its author has bequeathed us the records of his heart, the very reflection of his energetic mind; and his quaint but happy narrative clears up numerous disputed points, throws light into many of the dark corners of history, and lays bare the hidden substratum of events which gave birth to, and supported, the visible progress of the nation. We are introduced to the public characters of his time, divested of those deceptive trappings which led their contemporaries and biographers to view them, not as they were, but as they wished the world to think them. For this, and many other reasons, is the diary valuable; and among the numerous claims it possesses to the attention of the public, is the graphic yet simple language in which the able but simple-minded Clerk of the Acts relates his extraordinary experience.

Born during one of the most eventful periods of our history, educated in the spirit of the times, and thrown by the accidents of

fortune into the very centre of political movement, no man could have been better fitted than Samuel Pepys to present us with a faithful picture of the Court, of public opinion, and of the state of society as it existed in his age. Our diarist, while delineating other men, paints also himself, and by mingling the description of his conduct as a public servant with that of his domestic eccentricities, convinces us of his sincerity. We know he is writing the truth, for he never flatters himself nor others, but exhibits, with his abilities, his success, and his virtues, his faults and failings, his follies and his foibles, with the same degree of frankness. Certainly the diary was never intended by him for publication — of this we have undoubted testimony. Indeed, were such not the fact, its value would be immensely diminished in our eyes; and instead of ranking, as it now does, among the most curious and interesting works which the present century has produced, it would dwindle down in our esteem to a mere lively fiction.

Samuel Pepys was born on the 23d of February, 1632, whether at Brampton, a small country town, or in London, is a disputed point. The first germs of that varied knowledge which afterwards contributed to carry him so successfully through the world, were planted in his mind at Huntingdon. Thence he was removed to St. Paul's school, and thence to Trinity College, Cambridge. The early years of his life are enveloped in obscurity. A large portion of them seem to have been passed under the roof of a noble relative, Sir Edward Montague, though what situation he filled in this family is not determined. Indeed, until the commencement of the present diary we can find no authentic account of his life. He began to write it shortly after he was appointed as clerk in some office of the Exchequer, connected with the pay of the army; and we propose accompanying him through some portions at least of his experience, and touching on a few of the curious passages of his life.

Pepys introduces himself to us on the 1st of January, 1659, in a garret in Ale Yard, with his wife and servant, living in frugal style; yet, in spite of his humble position, not without influence in high quarters. For a considerable time we find him engaged in public business, an account of which he sets down with scrupulous accuracy, occasionally pausing to describe the good dinners he en-

*"Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, Corrected and Enlarged, with additional Notes, Illustrative and Explanatory. Edited by Richard Lord Braybrooke."

joyed, and the little inconveniences he suffered, in his daily walks to and from the office. This portion of the diary, in addition to its intrinsic value as a record of affairs during the period of the Restoration, is curious in the extreme, when regarded as a picture of the times—a representation of manners and habits which would clash strangely with modern notions of civilization. Pepys describes how he came home with his wife one evening through the Park, when a poor woman offered to race her for a pot of ale, and, moreover, won the wager. Numerous instances of this sort occur; and in every page we discover testimony of the immense alteration which has since taken place in the topography as well as the state of society in the metropolis. We find mention of a little water-brook which traversed the Strand, and found its outlet in the Thames; and of numerous other facts which attest the change that has since come over the aspect of London. But, perhaps, the most engrossing feature in this portion of the diary, is the extraordinary excitement which appears to have prevailed throughout society with regard to the movements of General Monk. For a long time his intentions were hidden in uncertainty; but when it at length became publicly known that he had declared for the King, London appears to have been frenzied with joy. From one end to the other the city was red with the blaze of bonfires, and the incessant chime of bells attested the general feeling. The King's health, hitherto interdicted, was drank in the public streets; and when a rumor went abroad that some one would rise up in the House of Commons and protest against the restoration of Charles Stuart, a damp fell upon men's minds, which was only dissipated by the assurance that no such protest would be permitted. All the incidents connected with these important movements are related with faithful minuteness. We trace events from their very roots, and see how they branch and give birth to others, which ramify through the whole complicated scheme of public affairs. Taking himself as the centre of the narrative, Pepys describes a wide circle, and makes us intimately acquainted with all who came within its range. The diary is a history both of persons and opinions.

Following the humble clerk in his progress, we find him writing with a steady hand for his own advancement, making friends in every quarter, and conciliating those whom he fancied to be hostilely inclined. It was at once perceived by his friends that he would rise to power and influence, and those who could not hope to step before him, pushed

him on, trusting that from his elevation he might lend a helping hand to them. By whatever means, however, the conclusion was brought about, certain it is that, on the 22d of March, 1660, we find Pepys, after passing through much trouble, and smoothing down, by his ability and industry, countless obstacles, receiving his warrant as secretary to the two generals of the fleet. "Strange," he says, alluding to the venality of those around him, "how people do now promise me anything—one a rapier, the other a vessel of wine, or a gun, and one offered me a silver hat-band to do him a service. I pray God to keep me from being proud, or too much lifted up hereby."

Embarking on board Sir E. Montague's ship, Samuel Pepys accompanied the expedition sent to bring Charles II. to England. During the many negotiations which attended this movement, our diarist was continually surrounded by those who trusted to profit by his friendship. Each sought to win his regard. One sent him a piece of gold, another a vessel of wine, another some costly ornaments, another assailed his ears with adulation, another courted his friendship by promises, while others endeavored to secure it by unblushing bribery. No where, however, do we find Pepys occupying himself with his own affairs to the prejudice of his duties as a public servant. He pursues his functions with unwearying vigor, writing and reading memorials, receiving deputations, holding counsel with the naval authorities, and despatching an infinite variety of business. His advice appears to have been sought, and often acted upon, by the most distinguished individuals. He was employed to draw up a very important vote relative to the decision of a council of war, and expressing that which was most favorable to the monarchy. Pepys thus describes its reception:—

"He that can fancy a fleet like ours, in her pride, with pendants loose, guns roaring, caps flying, and the loud "*Vive le roi!*" echoed from one ship's company to another, he, and he only, can apprehend the joy this vote was received with, or the blessing he thought himself possessed of that bore it."

On the 14th of May the expedition arrived at its destination, and on the 23d the King embarked amid, as Pepys expresses, an infinite and confused shooting of guns. His Majesty entertained the officers during the homeward passage with the account of his adventures, perils, and escapes, and, finally, on the 29th of May, entered Whitehall in triumph. We find this passage of English history thus described in

a quaint but curious and rare book very nearly out of print : —

“ And it came to pass on the 29th day of the fifth month, which is called May, that the King was conducted in great state to his palace at Whitehall, and all the people shouted, saying, “ Long live the King ! ” *

The secretary to the two generals is now again in London, where we find him alternately devoting his time and attention to business and pleasure, new suits, and choice dinners. Flattery and bribes attend him incessantly. Now he finds, on returning home from his office, that a packet of chocolate (a rarity then) has been left for him, now five pounds are slipped into his hand, now a silver case is presented to his wife, and now a case of costly liquors comes unordered to his door. About this time it was thought fit in influential quarters that Pepys should be rewarded for his services during the expedition to Holland, and a place was sought for him. The situation of Clerk of the Acts was an important one, and numerous were those who aspired to its dignity and emolument. It was hinted that Pepys was to fill it, and the rumor caused great excitement among those who aspired to the post. One individual offered him £500 to desist from it. “ I pray God direct me what to do herein,” says our diarist. But he appears soon to have made up his mind ; for on the 20th of June he received the warrant, and his altered position now begins to show itself in a more profuse style of living, in more costly clothes, and greater indulgence of his tastes, at all times eccentric and extravagant. Yet Pepys, though holding a very important civil post, receiving a handsome salary, and mingling in noble society, loved to busy himself with the most homely domestic arrangements, and found amusement in the most trifling incidents. In one page he describes how he caused his servant girl to wash the waincoat of his parlor, and how this afforded him great sport ; and in the next relates the entertainment he derived from seeing a gentleman fall into a kennel in the Poultry.

The Duke of Gloucester died early in September, 1660, and caused a great gap at Court. His funeral was celebrated with some pomp, though Pepys, while making much account of the mourning he purchased for himself and his wife, describes little of the ceremony ; preferring to ramble on to an account of his drinking wine at the Hope Tavern, eating 200 walnuts, and receiving a barrel of

samphire from a friend. Appointed one of the justices of peace for Middlesex, Kent, Essex, and Southampton, he confesses, with ingenuous frankness, that though mightily pleased with this honor, he is wholly ignorant of the attendant duties. †

Pepys was, of course, attached to royalty, and accordingly we find him writing and speaking of King Charles with the utmost respect, paying deference to his slightest wish, rejoicing at the punishment of his enemies, and exerting himself vigorously in his service ; but, when describing a visit to Sir W. Batten’s house, he lets out the fact that in his earlier years he was a furious enemy of king and crown. Speaking of his meeting with an old schoolfellow, “ a deadly drinker,” as he terms him, he says : “ I was much afraid he would remember the words I said on the day when the King was beheaded—that, were I to preach upon him, my text should be, ‘ The memory of the wicked shall rot.’ ” However, the Clerk of the Acts sufficiently proves, that if he once entertained ideas inimical to royalty, he abandoned them as he grew older, and we find him as staunch and loyal a subject as even a king could wish. Yet, though courtly in his predilections, he is as homely and domestic as the most humble tradesman. Some strange points of his character show themselves in the following extract :

“ My father and I discoursed seriously about my sister’s coming to live with me ; and yet I am much afraid of her ill nature. I told her plainly, my mind was to have her come *not as a sister but* as a servant ; which she promised me that she would, and with many thanks did weep for joy. * * * Found my wife making of pies and tarts to try the oven with, but not knowing the nature of it, did heat it too hot, and so a little overbake our things ; but knows how to do better another time.

“ 15th (Nov.)—To Sir W. Batten to dinner, he having a couple of servants married to-day, and as there was a number of merchants and others of good quality, on purpose after dinner to make an offering, which, after dinner we did, and I did give ten shillings, and no more, though I believe most of them did give more, and did believe that I did so too.

“ 21st.—At night to my violin (the first time I have played on it in this house) in my dining-room, and afterwards to my lute there, and I took much pleasure to have the neighbors come forth into the yard to hear me.”

* “ The Chronicles of the Kings of England, by Nathan Ben D. Saddy, a Servant of God, of the House of Israel.”

† How strangely the following sentence sounds in these days :—“ I did send for a cup of tee (a China drink) of which I never drank before.”

In the beginning of the year 1661 we find Pepys occupying a handsome house belonging to the navy, and furnished with considerable luxury. His income increases gradually, and he finds himself enabled to indulge in expensive pleasures, and to lavish great sums upon dress and good living. Although burthened with an immense amount of business, and having continual calls made upon his time, he is yet able to walk about and amuse himself in society and at the theatre, as often as his inclination turned that way. On the 3d of January he mentions, that he for the first time saw women acting on the stage. Previously, it was the custom for boys or young men of effeminate appearance to play the female parts; and one Kinaston is spoken of as appearing in three different characters. Another curious trait of the manners of the period is given, where he says, that being seated in a dark place at the theatre, a lady spat upon him by mistake, "but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady I was not troubled at all."

The King's coronation, which took place on the 23d of April, afforded Pepys a day of extreme enjoyment, for he seems ever to be delighted with gilded show and pageant, with feasting and public demonstrations of joy. Standing on the summit of a lofty building, he describes the aspect of the city at night, the rejoicing of the dense multitudes, the thronged streets, and the bonfires which surrounded London with a light like a glory. The merry-making and drinking which concluded the day somewhat unsettled his head, but we, nevertheless, find him at the proper hour in his office. He received a message from his uncle a few days after, begging that he would send down to a poor man, named Perkins, a miller, whose mill the wind had destroyed, an old fiddle, "for he hath nothing now to live by but fiddling, and he must needs have it by Whitsuntide to play to the country girls; but it vexed me to see how my uncle writes to me, as if he were not able to buy him one. But I intend to-morrow to send him one."

Pepys gained the confidence, if not the friendship, of most of those with whom he was associated. The secrets of state were no secrets to him. That which was a mystery to the popular eye was revealed to his favored gaze, and intrigue, and cautious diplomacy, were often regulated by his advice. About the beginning of July, 1661, his attention was somewhat distracted by the news of his uncle's severe illness. He was not well known to the old man, and could not nourish such affection for him; but he entertained great expectations from him, and was, consequently, glad in some

respects, though sorry in others, when the intelligence of his dissolution arrived. A special messenger woke him in the morning with the news, and before midnight he was at Brampton, where his father and numerous relatives were assembled. The body lay in the hall, but already gave forth unpleasant evidence of decomposition. "I caused it to be set forth in the yard all night," says Pepys, who then went to bed, greedy, as he confesses, to see the will. In this he was somewhat disappointed. His uncle had left him but little, though on his father's death he was promised the reversion of a large property. However, his uncle's death made some additions to his wealth, and he appears upon the whole to have been well contented with the result. A strange love of the theatre now took possession of his mind, at which he was much troubled, for it broke upon his business and wasted his time. The fascination was too great for him to resist; he was continually either at the opera or the playhouse, and satiety seems not to have diminished his taste for dramatic representations. When we consider how often we meet him in the theatre, in the parks, among gay company, at convivial parties, it seems marvellous how he was enabled to carry through so vast an amount of public business. Had he applied himself more assiduously to his duties, he might have brought more honor upon himself; as it was, he was preëminent for his industry and diligence among the idle *employées* of an administration, energetic enough for ordinary times, but not sufficiently vigorous to press through the portentous multitude of affairs which thronged upon the country in those eventful years.

On the 30th September an event occurred, which our diarist relates in an exceedingly amusing manner. The French and Spanish ambassadors, on the occasion of the entrance of a Swedish envoy, were to appear in public, and traverse a portion of the city in their carriages. A quarrel concerning precedence arose, and assumed a serious aspect. Threatening intimations were exchanged, and warnings given by each party to the other, that, unless they yielded the point with good grace, it should be carried by force of arms. The thing was made public, and London looked forward with interest to the day.

The conduct of the authorities on this occasion forms a singular illustration of the state of civilization then existing. At present the constabulary force, in case such an affair arose, would merely receive orders to keep the peace, and all attempts at disturbance would be quelled with little or no difficulty. It was different in 1661. The King ex-

pressed a desire that the quarrel might be allowed to take whatever course it would, and that no measures should be adopted to prevent a collision. His wish was strictly acted upon, and multitudes thronged out to see the result. The respective embassies presented the appearance of fortresses whence hostile forces were about to emerge. The Spanish coach, with chain harness, and surrounded by fifty soldiers with naked swords, first moved along the streets. Its guards were silent, and bore determination in their faces. The French came out, trooping with shouts and clamor round their carriage, and in a few minutes the public thoroughfare was the scene of a desperate conflict. The Spaniards fought resolutely, and, notwithstanding that they were without fire-arms, and were exposed to the shots of their opponents, succeeded in killing a good many, and eventually carried their position and drove their ambassador's coach on before that of the French minister could be stirred, for they had cut up the harness and stabbed the horses. Immense excitement prevailed in the city, but nothing more came of the affair.

Samuel Pepys commences his diary for 1662, by relating how, on waking on the morning of the first of January, he hit his wife a blow in the face with his elbow. Yet the reader must by no means infer from this that the work is occupied in the narration of trivialities, for such trifling incidents as these are only links in the chain which makes us acquainted with so much that is curious and interesting, that we confess to being at a loss what passages to select as most remarkable. This much may unhesitatingly be said of the diary, that for novelty of detail, interest, liveliness, embodiment of character, and the delineation of events, it far surpasses any work of fiction we remember ever to have read. This is high praise. The creations of the mind may be wrought up to any pitch—they may be painted in the brightest colors, worked into the most startling and exciting combinations; the narration of facts must confine itself within the channel of history, and that admits of no embellishment—but the very truth and simplicity of the diary constitute one of its most powerful charms. To follow Pepys through his whole experience, through a tenth or twentieth portion of it, would be impossible in the limits to which we are confined, and we therefore pass over, with regret, large portions of the journal, that we may not exhaust our space too early. Though the Dutch war did not break out until some considerable period after, England, in the middle of the year 1662, began to be clouded by dusky shrouds of apprehension; the public

mind felt strong presentiments of coming hostilities, and ominous precautions woke our dock-yards and arsenals into brisk activity. Pepys was engaged more deeply than ever in public transactions. The navy authorities were ordered to fit and equip twenty vessels for an emergency, and every dock-yard rang with the notes of preparation. The state of the country was, however, by no means such as to render a bursting of the bonds of European peace at all desirable, or even safe, and alarm and apprehension appear to have weighed upon many minds besides those whose private interest lay in the preservation of tranquillity.

It was about this time that Pepys conceived the idea, then a very unusual one, of studying the rules of arithmetic, his ignorance of which was a great obstacle to the progress of business. We find him working hard at the multiplication table, and engaged with a teacher, after office-hours, in mastering the more difficult portions of the study. In this, as in everything else, our diarist made rapid progress, and soon acquired sufficient knowledge of it to enable him to reckon with considerable facility. The study of figures did not, however, occupy so much of his time as to prevent him from pursuing his inclinations whenever he wished to take a little pleasure. Seldom did he spend an entire day at the office. Sunday afforded him a rare period of relaxation. He, however, almost invariably went to church:—

“3rd (Lord's Day). Up early, and, with Capt. Cooke, to the dockyard; a fine walk and fine weather. Commissioner Pett came to us, and took us to his house, and showed us his garden and fine things, and did give us a fine breakfast of bread and butter, and sweetmeats, and other things with great choice, and strong drinks, with which I could not avoyde making my head ache, though I drank but little. By and by, to church, by coach, with the commissioner, and had a dull sermon; a full church, and had some pretty women in it, among others, Beek Allre, who was a bride's-maide to a new-married couple that came to church to-day, and, which was pretty strange, sat in a pew hung with mourning for a mother of the bride's, which, we think, should have been taken down. After dinner, the commissioner and I to his house, and had syllabub, and saved his claret, which came short of what I expected; but there was fine models of ships in it, indeed, wherewith I could not judge of. Amongst other things, Pett told me how despicable a thing it is to be a hangman in Poland, although it be a place of credit; and that, in his time, there was some repairs to be made of the gallows

there, which was very fine, of stone; but nobody could be got to mend it till the burgomaster, or mayor of the towne, with all the companies of those trades which were necessary to be used about those repairs, did go in their habits, with flags, in solemn procession, to the place, and there the burgomaster did give the first blow with the hammer upon the wooden work, and the rest of the masters of the companies upon the works belonging to their trades, that so workmen might not be ashamed to be employed upon doing of the gallows work."

With such little facts as these Pepys interlards his diary, and renders it curious as well as amusing. But weightier matters of state now chiefly occupied his mind. The foreign relations of the country were every day becoming more complicated, and Holland was fast verging towards a war. Yet, with all the rumors that were afloat, with all the anxiety with which the public mind was filled, the author of the diary relates how, one night, being overtaken with darkness, while in a boat, he passed up the Thames, and hailed every vessel as he rowed by, but for a considerable time received no answer from either merchantman or man-of-war, all apparently being buried in sleep. He says, and probably with much truth, that had an enemy been enabled to ascend so high, they might have committed incredible damage in the river, and struck a severe blow in the very heart of London, ere the aroused population could have hurried to its defence. Petty plots and factions now disturbed the city, party spirit agitated the councils of state, and altogether the condition of the country was ill-calculated to stand the shock of war. The navy, however, had, partly through the results of Pepys' measures, risen to great efficiency, and promised to interpose a formidable bulwark between the shores of this island and the assaults of a foreign invader. While the actual condition of society, therefore, was such as to render war a hazardous undertaking, the fleets of England could be calculated on with more than ordinary confidence.

Pepys sums up an account of his worldly condition at this period, as follows:—

"Strange to see, having mind to revert to its former practice of loving plays and wine, but this night I have again bound myself to Christmas next. I have also made up, this evening, my monthly balance, and find that I am worth about £680, for which the Lord God be praised. My condition at present is this:—I have long been building, and my house, to my great content, is now almost done. My Lord Sandwich has lately been in the country, and very civil to my wife, and

hath himself spent some pains in drawing a plot of some alterations in our house there, which I shall follow as I get money. As for the office, my late industry hath been such as I have become as high in reputation as any man there, and good hold I have of Mr. Coventry and Sir G. Cartret, which I am resolved, and it is necessary for me, to maintain, *by all fair means.*"

Pleased with the appearance of a new lace hat-band, Pepys resolves that for the future his great expense shall be hat bands; and this he expresses in so simple, and, withal, solemn a manner, as to make us smile, while the next sentence hurries us to affairs of national importance. Rising in favor with his noble friends, those, whom he felt it his interest to please, resented, as an almost necessary consequence, the jealousy of certain other individuals who made it their business to watch his actions, and, when possible, thwart his designs. Seldom, however, did their machinations result in success, for the Clerk of the Acts was too securely fixed in Court favor to be easily upset. Some remains of a great treasure which, it was said, lay concealed in the earth, beneath the vaults of the Tower, set him, with various others, at the task of searching for it, and he complains grievously that he allowed himself to be made a fool of, though, during the prosecution of the enterprise, he was among the most enthusiastic, dining on a barrel-head in a cellar, and working with the pick-axe with immense energy. The affairs of Tangier began about this time to attract a considerable share of public attention, and with the preparation for the war, which in the eyes of statesmen was then deemed inevitable, fully occupied the national mind. Pepys, on account of these affairs, was looked upon by the Government with still greater favor, and consequently his patronage was still more sought. Those who could not hope to secure it by the usual acts of friendship, endeavored to buy the favor they could not otherwise win.

"W. Warren comes to my door, and left a letter and a box for me, and went his way. His letter mentions giving me and my wife a pair of gloves; but, opening the box, we found a pair of plain gloves for my hand, and a fair state-dish of silver, and cup, with my arms ready cut upon them, worth I believe about £18, which is a very noble present, and the best I ever had yet. So, after some contentful talk with my wife, she to bed, and I to rest.

"Mr. Cole sent me five couple of ducks."

Yet, though those who sought to obtain situa-

tions under him were profuse in their promises of diligence when appointed to their new posts, Pepys had much reason to be disappointed with the conduct of his colleagues and those who labored under his direction; for he complains bitterly of the apathy and indolence of the men whose duty it was at that crisis to exert their utmost energies in the public service. Heavy debts weighed upon the navy, and the revenues of the country were far from being adequate to their immediate liquidation. The expenses of Tangiers, too, hung like a dead weight upon the executive, and contributed annually to exhaust the national purse. In addition to these sources of discomfort, many others sprang out of the factious spirit of the times; numerous quarrels agitated the Court, and the middle orders followed in the wake of the corrupted aristocracy, an aristocracy which then had better not have been than have been as it was — not as it is now, a proud thing for the country to boast of — but a pleasure-seeking class, living solely for itself, and careless of the welfare of the nation. Many efforts were made to arrange and regulate the balance of public affairs; and had there been a few more such men as Pepys, the attempt would doubtless have resulted in no small degree of success. As it was, perplexities thickened upon the empire. However, he performed his share, and the country owed him its gratitude, though certainly he contrived all the while to work well for his own advancement also. He seems not so much to have coveted high station as great wealth, though dignity, the pomp of the place, and the pride of power were not without their attractions in his eyes.

We must, however, linger but little with political matters. The private life of Pepys is perhaps more interesting, and to that we shall chiefly confine ourselves. He continued to amass wealth with great facility; some of it he stored up in his house, or lent at interest, to provide, as it were, for the winter of his life, and another portion he expended in fitting up and furnishing his house, of which he seemed exceedingly fond, and in increasing his own wardrobe and that of his wife, for of scarcely anything did he make more account than of costly apparel. He comprehended the value of making friends, and was, moreover, partial to convivial society, so that we continually find him at home surrounded by a numerous company who relished his wit, his ready conversation, and his overflowing jocularity, at the same time that they enjoyed his hospitality — hospitality which was profuse and cordial, but the expense of which he nevertheless calculated, and perhaps sometimes regretted. He seems to have been

happy enough at this period of his life; and even when death struck a blow at his family and took a victim from it, the event makes little impression on his mind. But when, on Christmas day, his wife, whether by design or chance, began to inquire of him what she should do in case of his sudden decease, he for a moment was thrown into a serious train of thought, and resolves to make a will, that in case of such an event she should not be left unprovided for. At this time he was not more than thirty years of age, though from his manner of writing, his high position, his influence at Court, and in the councils of state, and every other circumstance, the reader will doubtless be impressed with the idea of a man considerably older.

Lord Sandwich, who hitherto had been very intimate with Pepys, and shown great favor to him, now appeared to retreat into dignified reserve, and evince evident symptoms of having experienced offence. Our diarist appears greatly troubled at this fact, and turns over in his mind every imaginable reason for the sudden change. He forms several projects for again installing himself in his favor, and proposes to invite him to a grand dinner, but checks himself with the idea that it would involve an expense of £12, a serious sum in those days. Formerly, Lord Sandwich had always shown much civility to the wife of the Clerk of the Acts; but now his demeanor was changed. For this Pepys cannot account, though after the lapse of a week or two he sets his mind at ease, with the conviction that the regretted coolness existed only in his fancy. We discover, in this portion of the diary, that the hard-worked *employée* is not totally destitute of literary abilities:—

“This evening I tore some old papers; among others, a romance which, under the title of “*Love a Cheate*,” ten years ago I began at Cambridge, and, reading it over to night, I liked it very well, and wondered a little at myself at my vein in that time when I wrote it, doubting that I cannot do so well now if I would try.”

Sir W. Warren, whom we have before introduced to our readers as having presented Pepys with a pair of gloves, and a silver dish and cup, again meets our eye under the same circumstances. Dining at the Sun Tavern with Pepys, he slipped a paper into his hand, containing, as he said, a pair of gloves for his wife, and continued the conversation without interruption. Arrived at his own house, the Clerk of the Acts was at much pains to get his wife out of the room, without telling her directly to go, that he might examine the

packet, which was weighty, and seemed to contain more than a pair of gloves. At length he succeeded in being left alone, and found that he had been presented with forty pieces of gold, a circumstance which gladdened his heart so much that he lost his appetite:—

“I was at great loss what to do, whether to tell my wife of it or no, for fear of making her think me to be in a better condition, or in a better way of getting money than yet I was.”

The expectation which had for so long a period grown upon the nation that a war with Holland was approaching, now appeared to be near its fulfilment. As the commercial relations of the two countries became gradually more and more complicated, so did it become more and more evident that no amicable settlement could be arrived at. Offences had multiplied on either hand, and the provocatives to hostility continued to ripen and grow fiercer with time. To the already formidable array of causes for quarrel was added the element of popular superstition. The plague had lately devastated the towns of Holland; ominous fires had been seen to burn in the sky over Amsterdam, and the peasants in the provinces saw with terror the birth of numerous portentous phenomena. The time was come, it was said, when England owed it to herself to assert her power, and vindicate her honor, and it was only left for her to strike a decisive blow. A warlike tone diffused itself over the whole face of society here at home, and every addition made to the national armament was hailed with satisfaction. On their part, the Dutch occupied themselves in concentrating their naval force, and taking up advantageous positions on the high seas. Pepys breaks off in his narrative of these affairs, to speak of the following incident:—

“Not being very well, I went betimes to bed. About eleven o’clock, knowing what money I have in the house, and hearing a noise, I began to sweat worse and worse, till I melted almost to water. I rang, and could not, in half an hour, make either of the wenches hear—and this made me fear the more, lest they might be gagged; and then I began to think that there was some design in a stone being flung at the window over our stairs this evening, by which the thieves meant to try what looking there would be after them, and know our company. These thoughts and fears I had, and do hence apprehend the fears of all such men that are covetous, and have much money by them. At last Jane came, and then I understand ‘it was only the dog wants a lodging, and so made a noise.’”

At length the Dutch war burst forth. The tumult of battles disturbed the European seas, and the whole attention of the country was rivetted upon the result. It speedily appeared that the navies of Holland, though bravely manned and well appointed, were no match for those of England; and joyful acclamations shook our towns and cities as the news of each succeeding victory arrived. Pepys became now of more importance than ever; his services were more valuable, and more fully recognized by the higher authorities. This he chiefly valued, inasmuch as it led to the increase of his worldly wealth, and the better appreciation of his talents by the public. On the 31st of December, 1664, while the Dutch quarrel was agitating with unusual vigor, and the plague was growing at Amsterdam, he calculates his wealth, and finds himself to possess £1,349, having spent £420, and laid up £540, during the course of that year. His family then consisted of his wife, for whom he seems to have entertained much affection, though he had an odd fashion of showing it; Mereer, her maid; the chambermaid, Besse; the cookmaid, Jane; a little girl, and Tom Edwards, a boy whom he took from the King’s chapel. “As pretty and loving a family I have as any man in England,” says he, with infinite complacency, “and I am in good esteem with everybody, I think.”

He seems to have been in continual alarm lest his house should be robbed, and gives us an account of many nights passed by him in sleepless anxiety, when every sound—the sighing of the wind, the running of a mouse—was construed in his mind to be the noise of robbers. One evening, having lingered until a late hour at his office to finish a matter of business, he received a message from home to the effect that he was wanted, as his wife had heard strange sounds about the house, such as men walking over the leads. The store of money which lay treasured in his chamber instantly raised his fears, and he immediately repaired home, when his alarm was strengthened by the appearance of some suspicious persons lurking in a dark entry. All night he lay breathless with terror, and trembling at every sound, and relieved by the break of dawn only to experience still greater fears when the evening came round again. However, no attempts at robbery were made, and the only real danger he seems to have run was that of being burned out of house and home by the carelessness of his maid-servant, who allowed a candle to burn all night on the floor close to her bed-hangings.

One fact seems now to lighten his heart to an inexpressible degree. Lord Sandwich became as cordial as was his wont, and came to

dine with Pepys, addressing his wife with much familiarity, and assuming all the manners of a hearty friend. A sad and serious national calamity, however, threw a damp upon his spirits. The "London," a magnificent vessel with an armament of eighty brass guns, and manned with a chosen crew, blew up while passing the Nore, and sunk, a shattered wreck. Twenty-five souls were all that survived the catastrophe, which filled the city at the time with a general gloom. But nothing appears equal to the task of dispelling that jovial spirit which supported Pepys under the most melancholy circumstances. The lightest breath of pleasure or profit served to dissipate the heaviest cloud of gloom that ever hung upon his soul; and, while the public mind was filled with misgiving and apprehension, he pursues his joyous course, happy in his home, his wife, his wealth, his consequence, and all the other blessings which fortune had showered upon him. Numerous circumstances combined about this time to raise Pepys in his own estimation, as well as that of the numerous individuals who watched his every action, and hoped or feared as fortune appeared favorable or contrary to him. The king himself held a long conversation with him, asked his opinion on various naval matters, and spoke to him in a familiar manner. The Duke of Albermarle, too, walked alone with him in his garden, expressing great approbation of his measures, and calling him the right hand of the navy, and saying that nothing could be done without him; "at which," says he, "I am not a little proud."

There is an old proverb which says that good fortune is the sure presage of ill-luck. In a limited sense this was true in the case of Pepys. He was disturbed from his complacent dreams by the reflection that, while extending the power and efficiency of the navy, he had also lavished sums of money for which he was in no way inclined to be called to account. Not that he had dishonestly appropriated the sums, but that occasionally he had not been careful enough in their disbursement, and had been guilty in some instances of reckless profusion:—

"27th (April, 1665). Creed dined with me; and, after dinner, walked in the garden, he telling me that my Lord Treasurer now begins to be scrupulous, and will want to know what became of the £26,000 saved by my Lord Peterborough, before he parts with any more money, which puts us into new doubts, and me into a great fear that all my cake will be dough still."

His frequent absence from the office, too, began to be noticed, and he feared that it would

incur for him the displeasure of his superiors in power. Walking in the Park one afternoon, he saw the king, and immediately hurried away lest he should be observed, for he knew there were those who, having the king's ear, and jealous of his attentions to the new favorite, would not fail to turn these trifling circumstances to the disadvantage of one of whose successes they were jealous.

The long-expected plague, which had appeared for a considerable period to hang as a threatening cloud over the metropolis, now began to show itself in London, and daily was the number of those doors increased on which the red cross attested the presence of death. A gloom was shed over the city, and all its inhabitants seemed to feel that the pestilence had only showed itself, preparatory to spreading through the whole population. The dead-carts began to creak along almost deserted streets, and wagons and coaches filled the highways which led from the metropolis, burthened with those whom terror had driven to seek refuge in the country. Seventeen or eighteen hundred perished every week. Friends shunned each other's presence; the father feared the son, the son feared the father—every one fearing that communication brought death along with it. In the last week of August, 1665, the mortality of London increased to seven thousand, and in the first week of September it rose to nearly nine thousand. The inhabitants knew not what to do—where to seek safety. Thousands would have fled but possessed not the means; thousands had not the energy to fly, and thousands fell victims to the disease almost ere they were aware of its approach. It seemed as if a curse had fallen on the city. Men issued from their homes in vigorous health and died ere they reached their destination. To-day a family was complete, and to-morrow, perhaps, most of its members were carried forth to their graves. The social meeting was dispersed by a whisper of the plague, and the few passengers in the streets went out of their way to avoid meeting the cart that conveyed the victims to their unconsecrated graves. Nearly every one holding a public office fled the town, and left the affairs of the nation to be ruled by chance, or by ignorant and inexperienced deputies. This was peculiarly unfortunate in times so anxious and important, and it was then that Pepys enjoyed the opportunity of affording an evidence of his unflinching and fearless character. He remained at his post as a true soldier remains under his standard when his companions have either fallen or fled, and exerted his utmost energies to support the heavy burthen of business which pressed upon his department of the

public service. He, however, sent his family to Greenwich, whither he himself also repaired as soon as the calls of business had been satisfied. The Dutch were on the English coast, and threatened a descent upon Margate. Pepys resolved that for no fault of his should his country lose a particle of its honor, and he applied himself with vigor to the task of regulating the affairs of the English navy; and his steady application counterbalanced many of the evils which would otherwise have resulted from the absence or negligence of the other officials. And all this while the plague was devastating the city, death striking down hundreds of human beings every day; and all the bells of London tolled in dismal chime, the dull echoes never ceasing to sound in the ears of those who feared every moment to be seized with the frightful disease.*

"Mr. Marr tells me how a maid-servant of Mr. John Wright's, who lives thereabouts, falling sick of the plague, she was removed to an outhouse, and a nurse appointed to look to her, who being once absent, the maid got out of the house at the window, and run away. The nurse coming and knocking, and having received no answer, believed she was dead, and went and told Mr. Wright so, who and his lady were in great straight what to do to get her buried; at last resolved to go to Burdwood, hard by, being in the parish, and there get people to do it. But they would not; as he went home full of trouble, and in the way met the wench walking over the common, which frightened him worse than before; and was forced to send people to take her, which they did, and they got one of the pest-coaches and put her into it to carry her to a pest-house. And passing in a narrow lane, Sir Anthony Broune, with his friends in the coach, met this coach with the curtain drawn close. The latter being a young man, and believing there might be some lady in it that would not be seen, and the way being narrow, thrust his head out of his own into her coach to look, and there saw somebody looking very ill, and in as ill dress, who stunk mightily, which the coachman also cried out upon. And presently they came up to some people that stood looking after it, and told our gallants that it was a maid of Mr. Wright's carried away sick of the plague; which put the young gentleman into a fright that nearly cost him his life, but he is now well again."

*The pestilence is thus spoken of in the curious work from which we have already quoted:—"But the anger of the Lord was kindled against the king and against the people of England, and he smote the land with a dreadful pestilence, insomuch that there died in one year upwards of sixty and seven thousand persons."

We perceive that our limits are rapidly drawing in; we must, therefore, with whatever regret we may do so, pass on rapidly through the diary, and leave unnoticed numerous interesting and curious passages. The plague grew upon the city; the river was deserted, and the silent and melancholy streets were covered with grass. In the beginning of October, however, the bills of mortality decreased, and this fact, together with the intelligence of several victories over the Dutch, contributed to shed a little light upon the general gloom which hung upon the public mind. But this was but a temporary respite, for the disease recovered strength, and continued to rage with greater fury than ever; and so the year 1665 ended, and left Pepys in a better condition than he ever was before. He had succeeded Mr. Pary as commissioner for the affairs of Tangiers, and had, moreover, been nominated to the post of surveyor of the victualling department. His savings had increased from £1300 to £4400. One fact, however, troubled him. Lord Sandwich had fallen in the estimation of the Court, and was sent as ambassador to Spain, and the Duke of Albermarle had not risen in popularity. The pestilence now began to weaken, and the weekly average of deaths sank to a comparatively insignificant amount. London resumed by slow degrees its wonted aspect, and, to his great joy, Pepys was enabled to establish his family again in town, and to resume his usual manner of living.

Of his domestic life, Pepys allows us from time to time to catch many detached glimpses, which, however, are too scattered and slight to allow us to form any very accurate idea of his manner and mode of life at home. He appears to have been, after a fashion, fond of his wife, though he never allowed her to express an opinion contrary to his own, or to transact any affairs to which he was not privy. For instance, read the following:—

"12th. I and my wife to her closet, to examine her kitchen accounts, and then I took occasion to fall out with her for her buying a broad-laced handkerchief and a pinner, without my leave. For this we both began to be angry and so continued till bed.

"13th. Up, without being friends with my wife, nor yet great enemies, being both quiet and silent."

We find them, however, soon reconciled. We find him one day recording the fact, that she was out of temper on account of his having checked her with some abruptness for telling long stories in the coach. "She do find with with reason," he says, "that in the company

of Pierce, Knipp, and other women that I love, that I do not value or mind her as I ought." Nevertheless, his private life appears to have been chequered with few crosses, and he seems to glide on, borne by a smooth current, enjoying a happy and prosperous existence.

The Dutch fleets, about the middle of the year 1666, met with some important reverses, being on several occasions driven to flight by the efforts of the English commanders. But a sudden alarm spread through London upon the news that a great armament, fitted out by Holland, was about to advance upon our coasts, and recover the ground lost in their recent defeats. However, good preparations were made to meet this attack, and something of the spirit of enthusiasm at last warmed the heart of London. When, however, an engagement at length took place, although the result showed a victory on the English side, yet the success was not so great as to warrant any triumph, and the country was disappointed of its hopes.

We now approach the great catastrophe which struck London, ere it had recovered from the weakening effects of the plague. On the 2d of August, 1666, Pepys was awakened from his sleep at three o'clock in the morning, by one of his maid-servants, who told him that a great fire had broken out in the city. Rising, and looking forth from the window, he saw a mighty flame appearing in the direction of Mark-Lane, and, as it then seemed to him, retreating rather than advancing to his quarter. He then retired to rest again, and at seven o'clock again looked out. The blaze had now reached Fish street, and was making rapid progress towards London Bridge. Dressing, and walking out, he repaired to the scene of the conflagration, and then, for the first time, understood its serious nature. Thousands of people thronged the streets, the inhabitants of the houses were flinging their goods either into the street or into the river, or into the barges that lay ready at hand. The poor clung to their homes until they were scorched by the flames, and multitudes of pigeons, unwilling to leave the houses, circled about them, or fluttered at the windows until they dropped amid the burning mass. All the city was in a tumult. The plague was a silent enemy; it came stealthily, and did its noiseless work, exerting a sickening influence on the minds of the people; but the fire continued its progress, sending forth a loud and prolonged roar. The crowds were wild with fear and excitement. The calamity was as sudden as it was alarming.

As yet none had proposed any measures of safety; none had thought of the possibility of arresting the flames; all alike seemed paralyzed

with horror. The mayor of the city wept like a child; and when a command was sent to him, at the suggestion of Pepys, that he should pull the houses down, and thus endeavor to stop the fire, he cried, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent; people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it."

Carts laden with furniture, sick persons carried away in their beds, thousands of half-clothed men, women, and children, pale with fear, and scarcely knowing whither to turn, filled the streets, some going one way, some another; others rushing wildly, with no object in view save that of escaping with life from the mighty calamity. Pepys now began to occupy himself for the public safety. He went amidst the crowds, directed the efforts of those employed to pull the houses down, encouraged them, assisted them, and labored like a hero wherever he found an opportunity. The scene which presented itself to his view is vividly described:—

"We went as near to the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were nearly burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true, for houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire—three or four, nay five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and there saw the fire grow: and as it grew darker and darker, appeared more and more; and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. We staid till we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side of the bridge, and in a line up the hill for an arch above a mile long; it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses and all on fire, and flaming at once, and a horrid noise the flames made, and the crackling of houses at their ruin."

While working for the public safety, Pepys did not neglect his own stores of gold, and those which were under his charge at the office; but conveyed them, with many valuable papers and much plate, that same night by moonlight to a deep cellar. The next day, he, with several of his friends, busied themselves in digging holes in the garden, where they deposited their wines, with some Parmesan cheeses, and numerous articles of value. But his chief employment during the continuance of the fire consisted in endeavoring to check its progress,

and prevent it from extending its ravages to those quarters of the city as yet uninjured. Through his efforts, together with those of the men who took a pride in following his honorable example, it was at length subdued, and by slow degrees died away for lack of food. The city, however, presented a wretched appearance. It looked like an extinguished furnace, and huge clouds of damp smoke rose up from the blackened masses of buildings. St. Paul's stood a shattered ruin, and numerous other public edifices formed its companions in the general scene of destruction. Those, however, who, during the continuance of the fire, had been too startled, too alarmed, too irresolute to adopt any precautionary measures, now, when the devastation had been accomplished, applied their energies to the task of renovation, and a new city began to rise from the ashes of the old.

Compliments and panegyrics crowded upon Pepys. His society was courted, his conversation sought, and every mark of admiration bestowed on him. But these empty honors, though they flattered his vanity, would not have brought much satisfaction to his mind, had they not been accompanied by a continued, though gradual increase of his worldly wealth. At the end of 1666, he finds himself worth £6,200, more than he had hoped for. Himself and his family were in the perfect enjoyment of health, and he, moreover, luxuriated in the pleasure, great as it was to him, of taking his meals off silver plates. Public affairs, however, were in not so prosperous a condition, and there were even those who prophesied the immediate and entire ruin of the kingdom — "from which," says Pepys, "God deliver us!"

Of the following year we cannot pause to make much mention. One curious fact is spoken of as far on as March, when Pepys says he saw the smoke issuing from cellars that had not been uncovered since the fire. Towards the middle of the year, the city began to grow into shape again, streets were marked out, and the work of renovation was carried on with some vigor. At the close of the year, he lost his mother, whose last words were, "God bless my poor Sam!" — words which affected him to tears. Another incident which he mentions as important is a fierce quarrel between himself and Sir W. Pen. "My heart," he says, "is as full of spite as it could hold; but God forgive both me and him!"

And here, until the publication of the remaining volumes, we take leave of Pepys. We have pursued his career, from his humble clerkship in the Exchequer to the period when

he held one of the most honorable posts in that department. Our readers will have perceived that he was a man of eccentric character, and they will also have observed that the times in which he lived were well calculated to allow a man of his energy and ability to distinguish himself above his peers. While we owe to Pepys a debt of gratitude for the rare and curious information he has bequeathed to us, for the graphic and well-colored pictures which he has presented us, of the times and the men among whom he lived, we cannot help regretting that weakness which led him to the commission of numerous actions which history cannot record otherwise than with blame. But he has written his own character, his own praises, and also his own condemnation. We see him as he was. He has given us a faithful reflection of his mind, and the praise of sincerity is due to him. Those, therefore, who wish to acquire a just idea of him and his period will do well to consult the volume before us.

With regard to the form in which this diary has been laid before the public, we shall only remark, that for the care, ability, and judgment with which its highly gifted editor, Lord Braybrooke, has performed his task, our thanks — the thanks of all who read the work — are due to him. Nothing could be more admirable than the introduction and notes, which have transformed the rough diaries of Samuel Pepys into one large and consecutive, and clear and comprehensive narrative. Pepys has been fortunate in his editor, and Lord Braybrooke's valuable services will, without doubt, be appreciated in the literary world.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

WOODEN GUNPOWDER. — A correspondent (of Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper) writes: Seeing from a paragraph in your paper that it is stated the making of gunpowder from sawdust, sulphuric and nitric acid, is a modern American discovery, which it is wonderful was not discovered before, I should be glad if you would make it known that it is an *English* discovery, and was discovered a little after gun-cotton was found out, viz., Oct., 1846, by, I believe, Mr. Deck, a chemist at Cambridge.

INCRUSTATION IN STEAM-BOILERS. — M. Cavé, the eminent French engineer, announces that he has ascertained that a number of small oak blocks, thrown into steam boilers, has the effect of completely preventing incrustation, and that it is sufficient to renew them about twice a fortnight. — *Builder.*

SHAKSPEARE'S FOOLS, JESTERS, OR CLOWNS.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

One of the chief proofs of Shakspeare's wondrous power over our imagination, is the influence which a suddenly remembered passage of his will exercise upon us at any given moment. However gay the subject of conversation may be, however mirthful may be the actual train of thought, yet if the recollection of Othello's writhing exclamation, "Oh, misery!" that bursts with uncontrollable anguish from the depths of his wounded heart, suggest itself abruptly to the memory, who is there that would not feel at once smitten into gravity? And the theme of consideration must be serious indeed, which would not yield to an involuntary smile at an unexpected reminiscence of Falstaff's, "He that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him *lend me the money*, and have at him!"

Shakspeare's sway is equally absolute throughout the realm of emotion—he compels our tears to spring at his bidding, alike from the profoundest sympathy with grief, or from the mysterious sources of laughter, and a sense of the ludicrous. He will even combine these appeals to our several feelings, forcing our throat to swell, and our eyes to fill, from mingled tenderness and humor; and we find our heart beating and our lip quivering with an undefined agitation, which we scarce know whether to trace to the origin of sobs or smiles. Such is the complex emotion that affects us in studying the character of the Fool in King Lear. In looking down the list of Dramatis Personæ to this play, we cannot but be struck with the world of thought, the epitome of tenderness, pity, attachment, gentleness, fancy, playfulness, wit,—of constancy simply evinced,—of gaiety affectionately assumed,—of truth, faith, and native worth, all comprised in the image suggested to us by those four unpretending letters, *F-o-o-l*. It stands thus, a few slight italics, among the subordinate characters: Curan, a courtier; Old M. n. tenant to Gloster; Physician; Fool. No more formal announcement is deemed requisite to herald one of the most lovely creations that ever emanated from poet's brain. But the manner of his introduction in the play itself is as exquisite and artistically prepared as that of the most important among the characters. His royal master, Lear, first calls for him when he bids his attendants prepare dinner, as if he were associated in his mind with refreshment and relaxation; and afterwards, when chafing

at the first perceived inattention and "faint neglect," on the part of his daughter Goneril, he recurs to the thought of his fool, as a relief, and a pleasant comfort:—

"But where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days."

"*Knight*. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away."

How beautifully this premises his gentle, faithful nature, preparing us for what comes after; how well this fond regret for his young mistress (affecting even his health) is followed by his attachment to her old father in his adverse fortune; and how the susceptibility of temperament thus indicated heightens the pathos of the sequel, when he clings to his old master through the wild inclemency of that night, abiding the "pelting of the pitiless storm" with him, seeking to beguile his misery, and "laboring to out-jest his heart-struck injuries!"

The tender interest with which Shakspeare has contrived to inspire us for this character, even before he appears, is sustained the moment he enters, by the old king addressing him in terms of kindness and fondling familiarity that convey an idea of youth and gentleness in the lad himself, as well as of affectionate solicitude on the part of his old master:—

"How now, my pretty knave, how dost thou?"—the word "knave" signifying boy.*

Indeed, one of the most exquisite things about this character, is not only its own beauty of conception, but the use which the poet has made of it in bringing out the best parts of that of Lear himself. The old king, imperious, resentful, and self-willed, is tolerant and considerate towards this lad, this humble companion, this permitted jester. He takes pleasure in his society, he gives his utmost familiarity license, and treats him as much like a petted child as a dependant; and, in the midst of his own misery and wild sense of wrong, he has still a kindly thought for his "pretty knave."

"*Lear*. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel;
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee."

* The German word is *knabe*; and Chaucer speaks of a *knave*-child when Griselda bears a male infant.

This is sublime teaching. The charitable touch lurking in the self-willed heart of royalty, prompting it to feel for the sufferings of another, preserves for that heart the sole thought of gentleness amid its tempest of grief and distraction.

None but a genius like Shakspeare's, bold in its conscious power, would have ventured to place the fool's levity of speech, with its quaint inuendo, and grotesque irrelevance, close by the side of Lear's magniloquence of rage and sorrow; but how wonderfully fine the effect is, as he has contrived the contrast!

"*Fool.* O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o'door. Good nuncle, in and ask thy daughters' blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

"*Lear.* Rumble thy bellyful! spit, fire! spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters: I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness, I never gave you kingdom, called you children, You owe me no subscription; why then let fall Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave, A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man:— But yet I call you servile ministers, That have with two pernicious daughters join'd Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

"*Fool.* He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece."

Afterwards, when the old king frantically tears off his clothes, his hand is held by his faithful friend, still "laboring to out-jest his heart-struck injuries," with a voice that we can fancy choked with sobs, while he struggles to smile with lips that are tremulous with cold and pity:—

"*Lear.* Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here. (*Tearing off his clothes.*)

"*Fool.* Prythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in."

In that terrible scene where Lear's madness has reached its height, and his frenzied arraignment of his daughters is fiercely companioned by Edgar's assumed insanity, the discord of their joint ravings is fearfully increased by the jarring incoherences and still more startling literalities of the Fool.

"*Edgar.* Pur! the cat is gray.

"*Lear.* Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

"*Fool.* Come hither, mistress; is your name Goneril?

"*Lear.* She cannot deny it.

"*Fool.* Cry you merey, I took you for a joint-stool."

This character is dismissed from the play with the like tenderness that marks its introduction. When Kent and Gloster are lifting the sleeping Lear away to provide for his removal to Dover, Kent says to the Fool;—

"Come, help to bear thy master; thou must not stay behind."

Shakspeare, true to his method of bearing testimony to the moral excellences of his characters through the mouths of surrounding personages, makes Kent—himself a mirror of fidelity and true friendship—yield this casual but emphatic tribute to the worth of the gentle lad; the fondly attached servant, the petted playfellow of his royal master; the poor Fool, whose twilight wits shone yet radiant in grateful affection, and lent him sense enough to cling to the hand that had once fostered him, striving to bestow responding support and consolation in the hour of affliction, desertion, and madness.

Singularly in contrast with the Fool in Lear, is the one in Twelfth Night. He is styled "*Clown, servant to Olivia*," but he is spoken of as the "*Fool*" throughout the play itself; and when the duke inquires after him, asking who sang the song that pleased him last night, he is answered, "*Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in.*"

The licensed jester, fool, or clown, always formerly occupied a post in the train of dependents that swelled the retinue of a royal or a noble household, contributing greatly to the delight and amusement of their entertainers, by whom they were treated like privileged familiars; and in times when reading was a less frequent accomplishment to afford relaxation from the graver or more active pursuits of life, this bandying of jests and ready repartee was a fruitful source of mirth and enjoyment, and became almost a necessary among luxuries, to the rich and the luxurious. Shakspeare has described the craft of the fool, or jester, in the words he has put into Viola's mouth, where she says of the clown in this play:—

"This fellow 's wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labor as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit."

This Clown is the merriest of the merry, the most good-humored of good-humored fellows. Nothing seems to disturb his equanimity, or to dispossess him of his gaiety. His pleasant temperament is proof against all anxiety, and his confidence in his own powers of pleasing bears him fearless through all casualties. In the first scene, where Maria teases him with hints of Olivia's displeasure, see how lightly his fancy takes refuge in the bright sky of an Italian summer, in case of

the worst,—though a knowledge of his mistress' indulgence forbids his dreading that worst:—

"Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

"*Maria.* Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent: or to be turned away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

"*Clown.* Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out."

And we find immediately afterwards, that his dependence upon the power which his wit and "good fooling" possess over Olivia's favor is nothing misplaced, from the smiling partiality with which she turns to Malvolio, and takes her favorite jester's part against the steward, when he, in his petulance and conceit, seeks to lower the other in her opinion. Shakspeare's own sympathy with good humored mirth, and his intolerance of the assumption of merit on the ground of an affected gravity, both shine through Olivia's rebuke:—"O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove." But the Clown's cheerfulness and good-humor render him a general favorite; everybody likes him, and almost everybody in the play lavishes favor on him, and gives him money,—the Duke, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Viola—even Sebastian, though perplexed by his suddenly addressing him, a stranger, in the street, only says:—

"I prythee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for you; if you tarry longer,
I shall give you worse payment."

Olivia's regard for him, we see to be partly the result of her own sweetness of disposition, which leads her to seek a refuge from her sorrow in his cheerfulness and playful sallies; and partly we feel it to be habitual liking and indulgence towards an old retainer who was a favorite with her father.

He is a dear companion and crony of the two knights, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, who dote on his social qualities, his hilarity, his good fellowship, his jests, and his songs, that enhance the festivity of their carousals.

The Duke likes to have him at his house, partly, it may be, for his fair mistress' sake, and evidently for the sake of his beautiful voice, and his accomplished manner of singing old songs; these soothe and relieve that fanciful lover's passion, which solaces itself

in the enjoyment of music, and the voluptuous thoughts it engenders. We are several times in the course of the play reminded that the Clown is distinguished for the excellence of his singing, which, together with his good-temper, tends doubtless to render him so popular. When he resumes his own person, after having assumed the disguise of Sir Topaz the Curate, he announces himself characteristically by *singing*, as he approaches the imprisoned Malvolio. Viola herself, as the page, disdains not to linger and bandy gay words with this universal favorite, when she meets him in Olivia's garden; she seems to take pleasure in his good-humored merriment, while the fool's replies are pregnant enough to make her utter the encomium before quoted, and to bestow a gratuity on him for his ready wit. He says:—

"Words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

"*Viola.* Thy reason, man?

"*Clown.* Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

"*Viola.* I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

"*Clown.* Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

"*Viola.* Art thou not the Lady Olivia's fool?

"*Clown.* No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilehards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

"*Viola.* I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

"*Clown.* Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

"*Viola.* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee."

Touchstone, the jester in *As you like it*, is a still greater favorite of our own, than even his brother clown in *Twelfth Night*. He is as light-hearted as the other, with a touch of sentiment and good-feeling superadded. His estimable qualities are intimated by Rosalind's proposal to her cousin, when they are preparing for exile:—

"*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?"

And Celia's reply speaks no less highly for the faithful attachment of which he is capable : —

"*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me: Leave me alone to woo him."

His right feeling is well displayed in his rebuke to *Le Beau*, the courtier who comes to announce the wrestling match to the princesses, to assure them they have "lost much good sport," and proceeds to describe the rib-breaking and sufferings of the three young men already overthrown, and the lamentation of the poor old man, their father.

"*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost ?

"*Le Beau.* Why, this I speak of.

"*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day ! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies."

He is a loyal-hearted fellow, too ; though he has a slight qualm at the near approach of the parson who is to wed him with Audrey — "A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt," and for an instant gives way to an unworthy thought upon *Jaques'* suggestion of the insufficiency of *Sir Oliver Martext* to marry them, saying, aside, "I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another : for he is not like to marry me well ; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife." Yet it is but a passing roguery, a remnant of his courtly manners and worldly teaching ; for the next time we see him, we find him still faithful to his intention of marrying Audrey, and going to be wedded with the rest of the loving couples. The reliance the wandering princesses placed on his social merits, and on his proving "a comfort to their travel," is fully warranted by his behavior when they reach the forest. He keeps up their spirits by his gay jests, teaching them fortitude by the example of his own cheerfulness. "Now am I in *Arden* : the more fool I ; when I was at home, I was in a better place ; but travellers must be content."

Touchstone's companionable qualities render him a privileged person with his two young lady mistresses, who indulge his loquacity, and tolerate his flippancy, for the sake of his light heart and his pleasant nature. *Rosalind* only checks him when he addresses *Corin* pertly ; and she once calls him a "dull fool," when he turns her lover's verses into ridicule.

The fact is, he considers *Rosalind* and *Celia* as his friends and equals ; while he indemnifies his self-love for the deference which his

regard bids him observe towards them, by his grandiose patronage and condescension to all the rest of the world. He is vain of his court-breeding, of his social experiences, of his wit, of his chop-logic argumentation, of his address—of his conscious general superiority, indeed, to all his new associates ; and he treats them accordingly with a sort of generous forbearance, august toleration, and affable familiarity, together with a willingness to afford them the benefit of his superior intelligence, by yielding them his countenance and society. He unbends in philosophic chit-chat with the old shepherd, *Corin*, and vouchsafes to banter the country fellow, *William* : — "It is meat and drink to me to see a clown : By my troth, we, that have good wits, have much to answer for ; we shall be flouting ; we cannot hold."

His consequential courtesy in granting them permission to wear their hats in his presence, is a delightful instance of his conceit, more than once repeated. To *William* he says : — "Cover thy head, cover thy head ; nay, prythee, be covered." He bids *Jaques* good evening with the like delicious self-complacency ; "Good even, good Master *What ye call't* ; how do you, sir ? You are very well met : God 'ild you for my last company ; I am very glad to see you : nay, pray be covered." And even when he comes into the presence of the banished Duke himself, he approaches the sylvan court easy and unabashed as ever, with, "Salutation and greeting to you all !" The light-hearted facility with which he adapts himself to his new mode of life, and the relish with which he avails himself of the open air enjoyments it presents, is a charming feature in his character. We hear, soon after his arrival in *Arden*, of his having "laid him down, and basked him in the sun ;" and when he meets the Duke's two pages in a glade of the forest, he proposes that they shall all sit down upon the grass, and have some singing.

His wish that Audrey were more poetical, shows that *Touchstone* often, as *Rosalind* says, "speaks wiser than he's 'ware of." In it he discovers a subtle knowledge of that truth, that a woman's appreciation of her husband's genius is an invaluable quality in a wife. "When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room ; — truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical." He feels that he is rather throwing himself away, but he is content to make a generous sacrifice ; and he announces his determination to bestow "the very riches of him-

self" upon this rustie wench, in his own important style of flourish; — "A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, *but mine own*; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster."

His celebrated code for quarreling, summed up by "Your *If* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in *If*," is not only Touchstone's most admirable witticism, but is perhaps the best uttered by any one of all Shakspeare's jesters.

The Countess of Rousillon's clown in All's Well that Ends Well, is more malapert than witty, more saucy than sprightly. His best sentence is, "Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humanity over the black gown of a big heart:" his best jest, where he announces Bertram's return from the wars: "O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch on's face; whether there be a scar under it or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet:" and his most fanciful conceit, his having "an answer will serve all men," and "will fit any question," in the words "O Lord, sir."

The noble lady, his mistress, when beguiling the period of her son's absence with the clown's jesting, thus chides herself for the idle unthrift: — "I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool." And afterwards we find the secret of her indulgence towards him, in what she says to Lord Lafew, "My Lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a

patent for his sauciness; and indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will."

Trinculo, in the play of the Tempest, though styled a jester, displays no great powers of humor. Indeed, it seems as if Shakspeare had intended him and his fellow-servant, Stephano, only as foils to Caliban; they the plebeian-natured of the civilized and material world, as he is of the uncultivated and ideal one.

Shakspeare gives the name of clown to some of his characters who are not jesters, but country fellows: as the one in Antony and Cleopatra, the shepherd's son in the Winter's Tale, and Costard, in Love's Labor Lost; others signify merely servants, as the one in Othello, in Measure for Measure, &c.

Shakspeare, in the subject under consideration, has given proof of his own potent magic, by his success in investing with a surviving interest a character that is so obsolete in modern society as that of the fool, jester, or clown. He has depicted gentleness, wit, and faithful affection in Lear's fool; good-humored merriment in Feste, Olivia's clown; light-hearted good feeling in Touchstone; malapert sauciness in "good Monsieur Lavatch," the Countess of Rousillon's jester; worldly cunning (which too often passes for wit,) in Trinculo; with shrewd, lively diction in almost all of them. The poet has availed himself of this class of character for the discharge of various arrows of wit, humor, fancy, and satire, in the same way that he tells us a fool employs his jesting: — "He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under presentation of that he shoots his wit."

Sharpe's London Magazine.

A TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES.

A Tour in the United States. By Archibald Prentice. 24mo. C. Gilpin.

"A brief tour," says Mr. Prentice, "needs but a brief record," and, contrary to the wont of writers and orators who are generally lengthy in proportion to their prefatory praise and promise of brevity, he gives a brief record. We made frequent quotations from this "Tour" when it appeared weekly in the *Manchester Times*. It is in the form of letters, and presents a clear account of trading, travelling, and political Brother Jonathan. Not that Mr. Prentice thinks only of his favorite free trade; he has an eye for the picturesque,

and power to describe it. Sometimes we have a dash of the poetical. Byron welcomed the roar of the waters, and so does Mr. Prentice, as he describes his feelings when he "felt the waves bound beneath him and the fresh breeze court his somewhat toil-worn and age-worn cheek." Halifax is first reached, and here the travellers (Mr. Prentice was accompanied by Mr. Brooks) met with a Scotch gentleman from Cape Breton, with whom they had some conversation on one of the many claims the Duke of York had to his country's gratitude and his Pall-mall monument. Cape Breton has great mineral wealth; wealth which adds little to the prosperity of the

colonists, as it is mortgaged for gewgaws. The monopoly of a workable coal-field of one hundred and twenty square miles, was handed over to Messrs. Rundell and Bridges, the millionaire jewellers, in part payment of a debt by the illustrious prince, the bulwark of orthodox Toryism. In the hands of the present lessees the produce is some eighty thousand tons yearly; "at a reduction of a few shillings a ton the demand would be fourfold, greatly to the advantage of the colony; but the monopolists, like the old-fashioned tradesmen, prefer a large profit on small, to a small profit on large returns." It has been said that Englishmen owed much to the Duke of York; there was reciprocity in the obligation anyhow.

Mr. Prentice's opinion of our lusty young kinsman, who has thriven in spite of the want of munificent princes like the Duke of York and Bishop of Osnaburg, is very favorable indeed; he quietly disposes of many stories of vulgarities and coarsenesses held by many people in the three kingdoms to be component parts of Brother Jonathan, whom he makes out a good fellow, shrewd and sensible, only he might spit rather less. It does seem a paltry characteristic of a great people—a spitting nation! New York is excellently well described. Mr. Prentice tells of what free trade might be, but what assuredly it will not be until we attain monetary reform. He thus moralizes on

THE WHARVES OF NEW YORK.

"Here bright visions arise in the imagination of the utilitarian. He sees the farmer on the Hudson, the Mohawk, the Ohio, the Illinois, the Miami, and the lakes Michigan, Erie, and Ontario, cheerfully laboring in his own fields for the sustentation of the Manchester spinner and weaver; he sees the potter of Hanley, the cutler of Sheffield, the cloth manufacturer of Yorkshire, and the sewer and tambourer of Glasgow, in not hopeless or unrewarded toil, preparing additional comforts and enjoyments for the inhabitants of the American woods and prairies. He conjures

up a great coöperative community all working for the mutual benefit; and sees in the universal competition the universal good. He sees the individual and the general advantage combined, and the world as only one vast brotherhood."

The travellers visited Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, and other places. Though the book is entitled a "Tour in the United States," Mr. Prentice tells of the St. Lawrence, as well as of the Hudson, the Delaware, the Schuylkill, and the Ohio. He visited Canada, and gazed on the falls of the Niagara, where he was less awestruck than tourists generally profess to be, and rather pooh-poohs all about the "hell of waters." "There was the majestie," he says, "softened by the beautiful; calm, gentle, tranquil, exceeding loveliness." There is not much said in the "Tour" about emigration. The following extract relative to settlement in Canada and the United States, shows how industry stimulates industry, and toils to little purpose, as regards good to the community amidst surrounding laziness:—

SETTLEMENT IN CANADA.

"A man settled in Canada, with a certain amount of capital, industry, and enterprise, may be as successful as another under the same circumstances in the United States, so far as individual exertions go; but the man in the States profits not only by his own activity, but by the activity of all around him. His farm is not only improved by his own labor and skill, but it is increased in value by the rapidly increasing populousness of the district in which it is placed. It is probable that the as yet very thinly populated but fertile district on the lakes, may take great strides in advance of the rest of Canada; and a well-informed farmer, who is settled about twenty miles back from Toronto, told me that a British farmer, possessing from £200 to £500, accustomed to work and plain living, could not fail to do well."—*Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper.*

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At a recent meeting of the Manchester Athenæum, Mr. J. Bright, M. P., said: I must confess that on every occasion when I have attended this anniversary, or other meetings of mechanics' institutions, I have been somewhat oppressed with a melancholy feeling from the belief that there is a very large expenditure of money, labor, and exertion—

which is not attended with so great and good a result as we might hope would be the case, and I venture to ask myself what is the reason. I come to the conclusion I have arrived at by a process of reasoning more humiliating to myself than it can be to anybody else present. I judge from my own experience that our small progress arises from our want of duly appreci-

ating the value of time and the value of those advantages which these institutions offer. The major part of us are infinitely more delighted with amusement, many of us even with frivolity, than we are with hard study and laborious exertion. We read (and, understand me, I am judging of others as I have found myself) much more for amusement than for thought. I am not disposed in the slightest degree to undervalue that description of reading which is generally known by the name of "light literature." I am least of all, perhaps no man less, disposed to undervalue our periodical literature, especially newspapers. They give us the history of our own time, and no man can know where he stands in the world, unless he occasionally, nay frequently, looks into the newspapers of the day. I would not undervalue, as I said before, this light literature, but I think it a great mistake on the part of young men from the age of fifteen to twenty-five to consume their time to a large extent in such reading.—Mr. Bright made some further remarks, urging the study of works of a high and ennobling character by the young members of the Athenæum.

Many a literary problem, more or less curious, starts up in the daily reading or book-collecting of him who has an eye for such game.—It is not easy in this country to decide on the date at which the American colonies began to reprint English books. It is, we believe, known that the Latin grammars were imported from London down to the period of the struggle with the mother-country—and that the stoppage of the supply, occasioned by the hostilities, gladdened the hearts of the school boys, and made them feel that the war was truly one of Independence. Nevertheless, school-books must have been *reprinted* in America fifty years before the war broke out. There is a *Boston* edition of Hodder's Arithmetic, called the twenty-fifth, and bearing date 1719. It is true, this little undertaking was the speculation of *seven* combined publishers: and we hardly know whether to wonder most at there being seven publishers in Boston, or at its needing no less than seven capitals to bear the risk of a small octavo of 200 pages. A question arises, however—was this book printed at Boston in Lincolnshire? for in the absence of all reference to America except the single word *Boston*, this last supposition is the most probable. But then, the printer's name is *J. Franklin*; and we know that Benjamin Franklin was an apprentice to his brother, a Boston printer, in 1719. It is not very unlikely that the apprentice may have worked

upon this book. Still, some will think it more likely that a Franklin should have printed in both Bostons, than that seven American publishers should combine to print a book in 1719 which it is likely they might have got cheaper from England. The copy of which we write has a singular answer to these last in a manuscript memorandum inserted in the book, — by which it appears that in 1796 its possessor sailed from Boston, and "Came too twice, once in King Rode and once in ye Narrows." Now, though the common maps do not show it, we are informed that King Road and the Narrows make a conspicuous figure in the chart of the Massachusetts Boston. The type of this book is very straggling, and the letters very often look as if they came from different fonts: nevertheless, the printing is such as might have come from an English country town at a later period. — If any of our readers think that such speculations as the above are a sort of literary trifling, we will assure them that such trifling sometimes leads to important consequences. A theory on one or another point of the history of human progress has before now received its death-wound from the production of a neglected book.—*Athenæum*.

The waters of the Nile have risen this year to an unusual and destructive height. A correspondent from Cairo, speaking of this calamity which has succeeded to the fearful pestilence by which Egypt has been ravaged — and which is said to have taken 133,000 victims, Cairo furnishing a contingent of 10,000 — says:—"Nearly the whole crop of Dura, it is feared, will be destroyed; and you can conceive the distress which will ensue, as the fellâheen subsist almost entirely upon it. The water was in the streets of Cairo a few days since, the canal having flowed through the courts of the houses; but the government has had the mouth of the canal so dammed that only a small quantity of water can flow in. Boolâk and Old Cairo are almost under water. The reason of this extraordinary rise appears to be this: — the Pashas and great men find cotton to be the most profitable thing they can sow in their fields; and, as the water must not flow over this cotton, Upper Egypt is full of dykes and dams which confine the Nile to a much smaller space."—*Athenæum*.

DR. FOX'S FIRE-PROOF PATENT. — The system, says the *Builder*, may be thus described. Small cast-iron joists are used of the \perp shape reversed, larger in the centre than at the ends, having six inches bearing on the

walls, and placed 18 inches apart for floors, and 22 inches apart for roofs. In the spaces between the joists, and resting on the bottom flange of the joists, are placed, in a contrary direction to the way in which the joists lie, strips of wood about an inch-and-a-half square and half-an-inch apart, serving at once as the ordinary ceiling laths, and to carry the floor which is formed as follows:—A coat of rough mortar, about one inch thick above the laths, is laid on the top of these, of such a consistence that it may be pressed through the interstices and form a key for the ceiling underneath, which is afterwards laid on in the ordinary manner. Upon this first coat of mortar is laid a coat of pugging formed of road scrapings or refuse rubbish from the building, mixed with an eighth or tenth part of lime and passed through a pug mill. This is laid in, the whole depth of the joists, as a solid foundation to receive either a facing of lime and sand in certain proportions, coated with linseed oil, or a flooring of wood or stone. It thus forms a solid mass perfectly fire-proof, and, according to the calculations of the patentees, the cost does not exceed that of the ordinary mode of construction with timber.

FRENCH MATRIMONIAL BROKERS.—Formerly matrimonial advertisements constantly appeared in the French Journals; but, instead of the gentlemen advertising for wives, as they do here, in France the ladies advertised themselves and their attractions to be disposed of. In the *Journal des Affiches* the following matrimonial wants and attractions were pompously and prominently put forth under the heading, "Ready to Marry:—1st. Fifty widows, with from 2,000f. to 20,000f. of income.

2d. One hundred and fifty damsels, with from 10,000f. to 60,000f. of dowry. 3d. Four hundred young ladies and widows, with a small fortune. Apply to M. Porré, Rue Bourbon, No. 7." Another marriage broker advertises, "1st. Two young ladies of between fifteen and eighteen years of age, with between 30,000f. and 60,000f. 2d. Two others, between thirty and forty-six years, with 35,000f.; and several damsels of all ages, with between 4,300f. and 6,000f.; with lots of widows with incomes of from 1,000f." In case money was not the object, M. Porré had for disposal "several young ladies of ancient families, with little fortune, but with all the qualities which should accompany fortune."—*Liverpool Albion*.

Among forth-coming novelties we observe the following announced for immediate publication:

The Secret History of the French Revolutions of 1848, or Memoirs of Citizen Caussidière, whilst acting as Minister of Police to the French Republic. Including a narrative of the Revolution in February to the present time. Written by Citizen Caussidière, Representative of the people. (This work will be first published in England.)

The Life and Remains of Theodore Hook. With Anecdotes of some of his contemporaries. By the Rev R. D. Barham.

Memoirs of Chateaubriand. Written by Himself. Translated from the French.

Clara Fane, or the Contrasts of a Life. A Novel, by Louisa Stuart Costello.

The Young Countess. A Novel, by Mrs. Trollope.

The Fountain of Arethusa. By Robert E. Landor, M.A.

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